

HENRY FORD

THE MAN *and*
HIS MOTIVES

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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HENRY FORD
The Man and His Motives

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

ADVENTURES IN HUMANITY

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FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

STANDING ROOM ONLY

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

HENRY FORD

The Man and His Motives

BY

WILLIAM L. STIDGER



NEW

YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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HENRY FORD—THE MAN AND HIS MOTIVES. II

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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DEDICATED TO
PETER CLARK MACFARLANE
MY FRIEND OF MANY YEARS AND
NOVELIST OF NOTE, WHO WROTE THE FICTION
STORY IN "MAN'S COUNTRY" OF THIS
GREAT AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY WHICH
I ATTEMPT TO INTERPRET IN NON-FICTION



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INTRODUCTION

Henry Ford is the most discussed man on earth to-day.

He is also the richest man on earth.

And more than that, he is the richest man who has ever lived.

But best of all he is the most unassuming and simple-mannered man in the light of his great power that I have ever met.

No one ever talks of the Ford fortune. In fact one never thinks of Mr. Ford as a rich man in his presence. He does not feel it and therefore you do not feel it. He is just a neighborly sort of a fellow who likes a "Party" where the neighbors gather in better than he likes a "Social Function."

He is the world's most successful business man. He is a great idealist. He thinks in terms of people before profits. He believes that the Sermon on the Mount, as I show in the chapter on his Religion, is applicable to modern industrial life.

The most revolutionary industrial leader in America, the business world has been for years afraid of him.

But why?

Because he is always upsetting traditions and running out of the ruts. But the thing that this nation

ought to be thankful for is that he is always up-setting traditions in favor of human rights and in an effort to serve the people.

The very week that this is being written Mr. Ford purchased a large Glass Factory in the Pittsburgh industrial district. He immediately put the Ford wage scale into operation, which meant a wage increase of eighty per cent. over what that factory had been paying.

This is disturbing, to say the least—especially to those great concerns which refuse to pay a living wage. He also put the Ford hours into operation, which means always and everywhere, the eight-hour day. Such action is called revolutionary—but only by those manufacturers who love low wages and the twelve-hour day. It is accepted with a good deal of enthusiasm by the workmen themselves. It is revolution true enough but it is revolution in the right direction.

Mr. Ford is always "News." Any daily paper will prove that. My theory of why he is "News" is that everything he does has the viewpoint of "Service" in it; and "Service" is so rare in industrial life that it is always "News."

The fact that Mr. Ford is "News" is the reason for this book.

I was requested by the Managing Editor of the *New York World* to write them an article on Mr. Ford. I wrote that article without even having seen him because it was not an interview that this paper wanted.

This article attracted the attention of the Hearst

Syndicate and I was requested to do a series of Ford Interviews for them.

I said that I would do this series on two conditions: First, that Mr. Ford would grant me the interviews, and, second, that Ford representatives would check up on the articles for facts. Both of these conditions were acceded to by the Universal Service.

Mr. Hargreaves, the head of this service, has had untiring patience in his friendly criticism and help in securing these articles.

Mr. Ford has been kindly generous with his time. He has talked with me about very intimate things, such as his religious views. He has been honest and frank with me many times when in my clumsy and frank way I have trodden on the toes of his privacy. I have never seen him angry and I have always been treated with the utmost consideration, even during most strenuous and busy weeks.

According to the prevailing statistical estimate of the value of Mr. Ford's time I figure that he has given me about a million and a half dollars' worth of his time. Therefore I was always conscious of the value of the minutes and hours.

Yet in spite of this he made me feel at ease. We had many a happy, informal talk when I forgot that I was interviewing him and when my heart went out to this fatherly sort of a man who seemed to be trying to help me in my work.

Perhaps he has been kind to me for the same reason that he was kind to the timid boy reporter on the country newspaper the morning after he had

refused interviews to the Cincinnati city reporters. When I asked him about this incident, he smiled a kindly smile and said, "Oh, I just wanted to help that timid boy. He was so scared that he couldn't think of the name of his paper."

I think that that has been his spirit in his kindness to me. He felt that he wanted to help a boy reporter out on his first assignment with a world-famous man. If so, I hereby acknowledge an undying debt of gratitude, for his kindness has not only given me this book manuscript but it has given me the privilege of a close-up look into the personality of the greatest living human being that this day shall see.

In this book I have tried to tell what I saw in Mr. Ford. I have tried to get at his motives. I have tried to get into his heart. I have tried to picture him first of all as a human being with his family and his friends. Then I have tried to set forth his business ideals and principles by direct quotations that have come from his own lips and his own heart.

I have then tried to set forth the romance of his great industrial plants so that they will stand out like the silhouettes of gigantic smoking mountains against the lurid background of flame and fire. I have tried to show his eccentricities, if they may be called such. Perhaps a better word would be his habits or his fads. He has them, like all of us do. I have not tried to gloss these over. I have wanted to be Biblical in my dealing with this man. He is human like the rest of us and has his faults, but I will confess that I did not go to Mr. Ford to

search out his faults and failings. He may have them. All I know is that no taint has ever sullied his name.

I have talked with five executives who know Edsel intimately and they all say that he has remarkable business genius and that the great industry will be safely carried on by him when his great father is ready to step out. That in itself is a tribute to his father and to his fine mother, who is the constant inspiration and guiding spiritual hand behind these two fine men.

I have tried to show the four great stones upon which this great industry is founded. I do not know that that has ever been done before. It is founded on coal, water-power, the soil, and the forests. That is a strong enough foundation to last for ages. No great industry has been so wisely led before that it has based itself on these four great natural products of the earth.

Mr. Ford is a good man in his private life and in his industrial life. I do not state it as a virtue, but Mr. Ford does not smoke, or chew, or drink. He has always kept himself clean. For the first time on earth, in any great way, he is putting Christian principles into industrial operation. Mr. Markham, one afternoon when I had the pleasure of bringing them together, said: "I put the Social Gospel into words and Mr. Ford puts it into works!" That sums it up. Mr. Ford has gone as far in his practical application of the social principles of Jesus as the most radical demands of the "United States Steel Strike Report" put out by the Council of Churches.

He is more radical in his forward look along social lines than the most radical labor preacher that I know. He even goes so far as to despise the principle of giving and taking interest. Mr. Ford has long foreseen and long practiced the principles of the Social Creed of the Churches.

What I went to Mr. Ford to find out was just what the average American wants to know about him: his religion, his hobbies, his home life, his intimate friends, his ideas and ideals, his plans for the immediate future and for the far future; what he is going to do with his money when he dies; what is really going on down deep in his heart.

I tried to put myself in the place of the average American. For several years I have spent the Summer months in Chautauqua and the Winter months in Lyceum work, so I have gotten in touch with the "folks" and I have found out that they are more interested in Mr. Ford than in any other human being. I have listened to their questions about him when they knew that I came from Detroit and I have tried to put those universal questions to him in these interviews. I went to such men as my friend, Mr. Siddal, Editor of *The American Magazine*, who knows the psychology of the American mind better than any man I know who is dealing with that mind, and asked him what to ask Mr. Ford. His answers were to the point and I have gotten one of my best interviews following his suggestion.

I told Mr. Ford frankly what I wanted and what I felt the American people wanted to know and he answered my questions without evasion and in frank-

ness and sincerity. I know there will be cynics who read this book, but they may well be brushed aside, for cynics never carried the world very far along.

Just one thing I am more anxious about than any other thing in this book, and that is that I portray the real Ford. The clipping bureaus say that he is the most written about man in America. But no book has ever caught the real Henry Ford. Perhaps this one will not. But of one thing I am certain, and that is: that it will reveal a Ford; a religious Ford; a Christian Ford; a man with ideas and ideals; a unique man in history; and time will tell the rest.

Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes wrote me after the article on the Ford religion appeared, and said, "You have made a million friends for Mr. Ford, for the church world had always thought, because of his friendship for John Burroughs, that he had never found 'The Gardener.' "

That is what I want to do. I want to make friends for the real Mr. Ford. No! Not because he is talked of for the presidency, for it is my honest conviction that Mr. Ford has no interest in the presidency of the United States. Time may prove me wrong or time may change his mind. If the demand keeps growing nobody knows what will happen. But just at this time I am convinced that he is so absorbed in the great future plans of his own industry, which are world-wide, that he is not interested in the presidential talk.

I want to thank Mr. George Hargreaves, head of the Universal Service, for his kindness to me and

for the privilege of reproducing many of these chapters which originally appeared in that great circulation of eleven million paid Sunday subscribers, a colossal audience. I want to thank Mr. Arthur Brisbane for calling especial attention to these chapters and quoting from them in his fascinating and stimulating daily editorial column in the Hearst papers. I want to thank Mr. Bitner, Editor of the *Detroit Times*, and Mr. Mulcahey, his associate, for their kindly interest in these chapters, which appeared in that rapidly growing and influential Detroit newspaper. I also want to thank Mr. E. G. Liebold, who has been Mr. Ford's personal secretary for many years, and has given time out of his crowded hours that I might have every facility to get a straight view of the facts.

Mr. W. J. Cameron, Editor of the *Dearborn Independent*, has been of invaluable aid to me.

There is a fine gentleman of the New England school of courtesy whom Mr. Ford honors by calling him "Bill Smith," who has been a perfect gold mine of facts. Mr. Sorenson, one of Mr. Ford's right-hand men, has been most courteous and kindly. He has given me much of his valuable time and has entered into the idea of my book with enthusiasm such as has made him an invaluable asset to the Ford organization all these years. Mr. W. B. Mayo, the Ford Engineer, though absorbed in the most colossal growth the organization has ever known during these months of my interviews, has given me time and information.

But most of all I want to thank Mr. Ford him-

self for the privilege of sitting so often around his modern "King Arthur's Round Table" at Dearborn and for the priceless time that he has given me.

Whatever happens during the next two years, the man who gives people a real look into the life of this great man is doing a public service, and that shall be my reward.

W. L. S.

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HENRY FORD
The Man and His Motives

CHAPTER I

Henry Ford—A Man with an International Mind

Four Jews from Moscow stood in front of Henry Ford at Dearborn. This in itself was news but the newspapers failed to get it.

These four Jews had come from Moscow to Detroit in eleven days.

"How did they do it?" was my first question. It seemed impossible in these days of Russian turmoil.

I was told that they came by airplane from Moscow to Berlin; by plane from Berlin to Paris; over the English Channel in the big Handley-Paige that runs a regular transport; then by airplane from London to Liverpool; by ship from Liverpool to New York and thence to Detroit in exactly eleven days.

What did they come for? Answer: To see Henry Ford.

They came to tell Henry Ford that the only hope of a rehabilitation of Russia lies in the Ford tractor. He was frank with them. They were all Russian Jews and Mr. Ford's attitude toward some Jews is well known.

One who heard the lecture that Mr. Ford gave

these Jews from Moscow said to me: "He sounded like a Dutch Uncle telling them what was what. He spoke of his campaign against the Jewish methods of financing. He said: 'I know that you men are not that type. But some men of your race don't do business as I do. You understand that if you do business for us you have to do it in our way. That is no more than fair. It has to be done our way!'" They sat and Mr. Ford stood. He talked for twenty-five minutes with intense earnestness. There was the man who is said to have maligned the Jews. Here were four men of the Jewish race, who had come all the way from Russia in eleven days to make arrangements to represent the Ford products in newly awakened Russia!"

This is one of the constant scenes that are a part of the daily life that streams through the doors of the humble, ramshackle building in Dearborn where Ford himself feels most at home. Constant processions from all parts of the earth pass through these doors.

Henry Ford's mind is an international mind, whatever some of his biased detractors may say. It is one of the few great international minds in America. And now is the time when America needs minds with an international scope. He thinks internationally because his business interests are world-wide. No child needs to be told this fact.

One day I stood in one of Ford's geography classes in his school in Highland Park. The teacher was pointing out the material that goes to

make up a Ford car. He was teaching geography in somewhat this fashion:

"This came from South America. This came from Singapore—this rubber. This came from China."

Then he turned and pointed to several crated cars and said: "That car goes to India. That car goes to Panama. That tractor goes to France. That car goes to Siberia."

Then they all looked up the various countries from which products came that go to make up a Ford car and in turn they found on the map of the world the various countries to which Ford cars were going.

Personally, I have found Ford cars all over the world. I remember finding one up one of the unfrequented jungle trails of eastern Borneo. The trail was so narrow that I didn't see how a donkey could navigate it but at the end of that trail I found an old Ford and I nearly kissed it; I was so glad to see something from home.

I have found them on every Mission Field in the world. I heard a missionary say in China: "Our missionary work has been made one hundred per cent. more effective because of the Ford."

An Indian missionary said: "I can get a Ford part in an afternoon any time in northern India; but it takes me four days to reach my nearest white neighbor."

I have just returned from a fifty-five thousand mile trip through the Orient and the Far East, writing human interest stories for the Methodist

Centenary. I traveled the out-of-the-way trails. I never was in any kind of a car but a Ford. No one can estimate the increased efficiency in missionary work brought about by the Ford car. It carried me into the far northern regions of the Japanese island of Hokkaido. There were no railroads. I could not have gone without a Ford. One took me over the mountains of the Black Diamond range in Korea, from Soeul to the Sea; a trip that is rarely attempted in midwinter by white men. The pass was a mile high, but we made it. Our Ford carried me up the steep trails on the Philippines; over the rocky roads of China, up the jungle trails of Sumatra, Java and Borneo; from one end of the Malay Peninsula to the other without a mishap or a miss.

Mr. Ford has an international mind because he deals with men from all the world. He does not go to them. They come to him. Within recent weeks there has been a strange procession winding its motored way to Dearborn. There came the Archbishop of Tyre, the governor of Jerusalem, admirals, actors, great singers, statesmen, private messengers from presidents and for presidents. Came there the Bishop of Jerusalem. Came there the great Albert Thomas, Secretary of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, formerly the Minister of Munitions for France during the war. Came also four Jews from Lenine's government.

Not only his vast world-wide business interests but his visitors with whom he talks, men who come to him, give him the world vision. He does no nar-

row-horized thinking. He has no time for that. His mind is actually forced to world-thinking.

That is the reason why he is greatly misunderstood by little minds. They find it impossible to bring him back to little things. They think him indifferent when they come to talk about a local fight, or a church debt, or a gossiping politician. He gets restless. I have seen him so under such an interview. But once launched into world views his face sparkles and his mind electrifies. You have him in his real world then. He is at home. He is interested.

Men go to see Henry Ford and fail to strike a spark of interest in his mind. That is not Ford's fault. It is the fault of the interviewer.

One of the most misunderstood episodes in his life was the product of international thinking. I need not even mention what I mean. I talked with him about that event and he said: "I have no regrets and no apologies to make. I wanted to see peace. I at least tried to bring it about. Most men did not even try."

Mr. Ford said a good deal in that statement. He did not need to add any defense. At least he tried to bring about peace. He is still an advocate of world-wide peace. He is still thinking internationally.

Just recently, he brought a hundred Chinese students to Detroit. I have talked with some of them. They are bright and alert with eagerness. They are not boys picked up from the streets but boys of the fine old families of China; educated boys,

boys of the great "Student Movement"; boys who are honestly trying to start China right industrially. They are here to go to school under Mr. Ford. He is thinking of China and Japan and Korea and Russia and the wide world all the time. This is Mr. Ford's personal plan. He is interested in India and has many Hindu boys in his plant. He has a large group of Hawaiians. He has men from all over the earth who are here at his own personal behest. He thinks in world terms. His is an international mind.

I talked with his librarian and I found him amassing a complete set of books on China. No money is spared by Mr. Ford to get these books in order to inform himself on China. The librarian showed me one book that was written in China by Chinese scholars which was procured in Shanghai and which cost ninety dollars. It is the only one in America. Not even the biggest libraries have a copy of it. They comb the world for literature on the far-off countries.

The way some men write of Mr. Ford and think of him reminds me of the way they misjudged Lincoln. John Drinkwater has it all summed up in his play on Lincoln:

Seward has misjudged Lincoln and Lincoln sets him right by saying to him: "Seward, you may think I'm simple, but I can see your mind working as plainly as you might see the innerds of a clock. You can bring great gifts to this government, with your zeal, and your administrative experience, and

your love of men. Don't spoil it by thinking I've got a dull brain."

America mustn't make the mistake of thinking that Ford has a dull brain. His brain works like electricity. A writer has recently said that he does not know how to assemble his ideas. I do not agree with that writer. His mind is alert, quick, responsive, ingenious, original, untamed, fertile, primitive, but not dull and not narrow and not un-assembled. It is an international mind and it takes an international mind to comprehend it.

CHAPTER II

A Mind in Motion

Most people think that the Ford car has not changed. The truth of the matter is that the Ford is changing constantly and is still to change more.

"How many actual changes have you made in the Ford car?" I asked its creator a few days ago.

"About fifty changes. We change it all the time in details. We started off with six cylinders. Most people do not know that. Some of them are still running." Mr. Ford smiled.

"That old brass front was one of the most marked changes. Last year we gave the Sedan two extra doors. We change it every year to make it better."

The Ford institution is not static in any way, nor is the Ford mind. The fact is that the Ford mind is a mind in constant motion. A result of that moving mind is a moving organization from top to bottom.

"Mr. Ford plans ten years in advance!" said one of the old time executives who is close to the Auto-King. "He sees a thing ten years before the rest of us do. That is the real reason why he is always startling the world by announcing some great new Ford project. These projects seem like they were born over night but they have been hatching out in

Mr. Ford's mind for years. Then he suddenly announces them to the world and the public thinks that he does things impetuously."

A friend of mine recently wrote a book which he called *Climbing Aboard a Moving World*.

That phrase sums up Mr. Ford, according to his close business friends. Several of his executives have left the organization from time to time, but most of them have left because of some dispute over a forward move on Mr. Ford's part; a move with which they did not agree because they did not seem able to keep up with Mr. Ford's dreams. The inside story of how these executives dropped off the rapidly moving Ford machine is fascinating.

"It's funny, Mr. Ford, how many people drop off a rapidly moving vehicle like your organization."

"They don't estimate the speed correctly," he said.

The matter of the five-dollar-a-day wage scale came like this. It was Mr. Ford's mind moving forward that visioned this first. One of Mr. Ford's most intimate friends gave me this interpretation of that fascinating mountain peak of industrial visioning.

"Mr. Ford was walking through the factory one cold, rainy morning and his son Edsel was preceding him. As Edsel passed an Italian worker at a drill, he saw the Italian workman sneer and give a jerk at the drill that he was handling.

Mr. Ford could not get this picture out of his mind. He has an uncanny way of reading the

thoughts of another fellow's mind. You can't get away with anything that is not above board with Mr. Ford. He sees through you in a flash.

He put himself in that Italian's place. He said to himself: "If I was that Italian and I saw Mr. Ford's son go by, well dressed and comfortable and that morning I had sent my own boy to school or to work with holes in his shoes and sick because he hadn't enough to wear or eat, I would be sore too. I would look at Henry Ford's son as he passed and then turn and smash up a drill or so to express my feelings."

That was the way Mr. Ford's friend explained the inner mind that led up to the high wage scale. Mr. Ford himself more modestly explained it to me this way:

"I noticed that the men came to work drunk every Monday. I scolded them and they told me to go to Hell. I saw, that if I was to make demands of them, I would have to make their wages so high that they wouldn't dare to lose their jobs. So I called the boys together on New Year's Day."

"But first I asked Mr. Sorensen how much of an increase the factory could stand. Mr. Sorensen figured a while and then said, 'Twenty-five cents a day.' "

"That's not enough. Try fifty cents a day increase and see if the business will stand that much."

"Mr. Sorensen figured a little more and reported that we could stand a fifty cent increase. So we just kept going up all afternoon, until finally we got it up to four dollars and eighty cents a day, which

was an increase of two dollars and forty cents or double."

One of Mr. Ford's executives told me the rest of the story. Mr. Couzens was not present at this New Year's Day meeting but Mr. Ford and he met the next day. Mr. Couzens was informed of the increase and was indignant. He said: "Then, why in Hell don't you make it five dollars a day and bust the company right?"

"I'll take your dare!" came back Mr. Ford, like a shot. "It shall be five dollars!" And it was five dollars from that minute; although it has since been increased considerably.

This is a good illustration of the moving mind that directs the great Ford organization.

"Mr. Ford," said a close friend, "is like a woman with an old-fashioned garden who plants seeds so that she has something blooming every month in the year. Mr. Ford plants seeds so far in advance that he has something blooming every month too."

Every day brings some news of his adventuring, forward-looking mind. A few months ago it was the announcement that he had purchased his own railroad. Later it was the announcement that he had purchased his own coal mines down in Kentucky.

Then we heard that Mr. Ford was to manufacture his own glass. That was only a few months ago. The other day I visited at Highland Park the most perfectly equipped glass plant I have ever seen; an institution that has gone up by magic almost over night and even the people of Detroit have not known about it.

Then we read that he had purchased his own iron mines and his own timber forests and that he was installing his own cotton-mill to weave cloth for the tops of his cars. All of these forward moving plans I have seen with my own eyes, and every day Mr. Ford is planning new things.

"Why did you feel that you wanted to control your own raw products?" I asked him as we talked.

"Because I soon saw that we would have to control the raw products in order to protect our customers. We have never had strikes. The companies that furnished our parts and raw supplies did. That left us in the lurch; made it impossible to fill our contracts for cars; made it impossible to determine prices in advance; made it impossible to cut the price of the car as often as we desired. Ten years ago I saw that it would be necessary to control our raw materials."

"Do you like to do this?"

"No! I would rather not have to bother with the raw products. But it is impossible to count on other companies to supply them."

During the financial depression some of the Ford executives insisted upon borrowing money to tide over. Mr. Ford is opposed to borrowing money. One of his pet horrors is paying interest on borrowed money. He believes that this has become a mania in American business methods and that it is unnecessary.

"We'll use up our raw products; we'll realize on our manufactured cars and we'll call in our money. We'll conserve. We'll cash in on our own

resources and we'll not borrow from Wall Street. We'll pull through."

"The Old Man is crazy," said one of the executives, who left the organization at that time.

So this mind moves forward. The plans now are to build great factories in St. Louis, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Boston, South Chicago, India and around the world.

Another project of this moving mind is the utilization of the smaller waterways. It is because of this that he has built nine dams on the River Rouge.

He believes that workingmen will be happier away from the unnatural life of the cities; that they will get more out of life if they can live in the smaller towns and have a little plot of ground on which to grow a garden and live close to nature.

"Get them away from the cities!" he said to me, indicating one of the great dreams of the future, "and they will be happier and better!"

This is the Ford mind in action. He says: "You've got to move fast to keep up with this old world. You've got to hold on tight or you'll find yourself in the discard. You've got to keep moving all the time."

Many men do not understand some of his acts. They seem to be the acts of an impatient man. They are. They are acts of a man impatient because of sluggish minds that do not keep up with his.

CHAPTER III

Ford's Religious Views

Thomas Carlyle said that the chief thing about a man was his religion.

I wanted to know about Henry Ford's religion.

"Mr. Ford," I said to him, "they say that you are an infidel. I heard a man say that only yesterday."

He came back at once, quiet voiced, but with sincerity, in the presence of several of his executives and said: "I believe in God, and in Jesus Christ. I was brought up in the church. I am even now planning to build a church in memory of my father and mother."

"That is interesting news in the light of the fact that some say you are opposed to giving money to put into church buildings. Tell me about it."

"The graves of my father and mother are here in the township. They are cutting the cemetery up into lots. I want to preserve the burial plot of my parents by building a stone church."

"Mr. Ford, the people are greatly interested in what you think about church and religion. I hear that question asked on every hand just as they asked it about Lincoln and Roosevelt, and your friend John Burroughs. They will be glad to hear that you are building a church memorial to your parents.

Will you give me liberty to make the first announcement of this new plan?"

"Yes, you may. At first it was only to be a small chapel. But the idea kept growing and growing in my mind and now it's going to be a fair-sized edifice."

"Will it be a modern church with social equipment?" I asked.

"Yes, it will be a community church. It will be a seven day a week church, built of stone, beautiful, but useful and practical. It will have rooms for social activities and a place the young people will like to go to and feel at home in. My father and mother would like that."

Mr. Ford's father was warden of the Episcopal church at Dearborn and one of the founders of another at Redford.

It was a real adventure to hear him talk about this Memorial Church. A half million dollar deal in Chicago; the building of great plants in St. Louis, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and elsewhere did not get any more attention than this thought in his mind and heart, and not half as much sentiment, which, after all, if I am not mistaken, is the real man.

"Mr. Ford, I want to ask you rather a personal question. I am trying to imagine that I am representing the great mass of every-day Americans, and I know that if they were here they would want to know: Just how do you feel about what we generally call religion? Just what is your reaction to it!"

"It's like electricity. I do not understand electricity, but I am greatly interested in it. I want to know all I can about it. I see its results in that electric light there. I see it turn the wheels of commerce. I know that it lights up the dark paths. I know that it warms us and makes the world better. I see its results even though I do not understand it. That is about the way I feel about religion."

"You feel about the same way that the rest of us do then, the way Lincoln felt."

Mr. Ford would not allow the parallel to be made. He said: "Oh, they compare everybody with Lincoln."

"What do you think of the so-called charity that the church talks about so much?" I asked him.

"I believe in the kind of charity that helps a man to help himself; that gives him a decent job with a living wage so he won't need charity. You give a man something and you hurt him. You give him a job and you make a man out of him. If you want to make any one your enemy, hand him something for nothing."

"What is your reaction to hearing a preacher stand up in a pulpit and preach?" I asked him, expecting to get a much different answer than I did. I expected to get the practical business man's answer; that he liked action, rather than words, and doing rather than preaching. I had heard that about this man in particular. I rather expected him to have a contempt for preaching; the same kind of contempt that many men in France had for some

preachers who preached to them but who had never seen the front lines.

He stumped me with his answer. He said: "I like to hear preachers preach. I always feel better, no matter who the preacher is. It does me good."

"But they tell me that you do not go to church often."

"I used to go when we lived in Detroit, but now I rest on Sundays. But I usually listen to some radio sermon from Detroit or Pittsburgh or Chicago."

"Mr. Ford, it has been said by a recent writer that you are opposed to large church buildings. Is that true?"

"It is not true for the simple reason that it gives men work and it turns over money and it makes for healthy activity. Besides, when the church is built, it belongs to the whole community. I believe that it is a good thing to build large and beautiful and useful churches.

"Now you take this matter of missions. The missionaries were the pioneers in new countries. Take the Orient where we send our cars. The missionaries made this commerce possible. They made the first paths and trails. They were the pioneers. We followed with cars and commerce. The missionaries paved the way. That is always true. I recently met here a missionary from China and told him we are thinking big things for China."

Mr. Ford told me that not long ago he had advised a certain young man who came to him to go into the ministry.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Because for the next fifteen years following the war there is great need for men of that profession. What we need, however, is more religion and less professionalism in our ministry and we need it mixed into industrial life."

Then Mr. Ford added a phrase that we all chuckled over: "And you don't need to rub the skin off your knees to make that kind of a minister, either."

He continued with emphasis: "It's all in the Sermon on the Mount. You can take that, put it into industry anywhere and it will work. You don't need to work up to it. You can slap it right down anywhere; to-day; to-morrow; in any business and it will work completely. You don't have to build up to the Sermon on the Mount.

"That Sermon on the Mount is action."

Mr. Ford turned to me following this conversation, as we all sat in his office, and said: "Your best friend is one who can bring out the best that is in you!"

I asked Mr. Ford to write that in the fly-leaf of a book called *Mr. Ford's Own Page*, and I copy it from that for this chapter.

When "Golden Rule Nash" was in Detroit a few weeks ago as my guest, he said:

"Henry Ford is doing more to put Christian principles into industry than any manufacturer I know. He is the pioneer. We all follow his leadership."

In closing the conversation with Mr. Ford, I referred to his personal friend, John Burroughs, the great naturalist, and repeated what Bishop Quayle had once said: "‘John Burroughs knew the Garden but he never found the Gardener.’"

"No, Mr. Burroughs didn't know much about gardening!" said Mr. Ford instantly. "He knew all about nature but he didn't seem to care anything about having a garden."

He had not heard me completely. I repeated Bishop Quayle's characterization of his friend. Mr. Ford waited a few seconds in thought and then looked up and said: "No, Mr. Burroughs didn't seem to find the Gardener. It's too bad. There must be a Gardener, you know, for all this beauty."

CHAPTER IV

Ford's Folks and Friends.

There is no Colonel House in the Ford group. Mr. Ford has no intimates. I had heard this before and I wanted to talk with Mr. Ford about it. It didn't seem possible that so friendly a man had no intimates.

I said to Mr. Ford: "The people tell me that you have no intimates. Is that true?"

He did not catch the full meaning of the word "intimates," and said: "What do you mean?"

"I mean 'chums.' Do you have any chums?"

He had a thoughtful look on his face as he gazed out of the window in the Dearborn office across the snow-covered fields in the distance and the ice-covered pond nearer at hand, and said, "Come to think of it, I have no chums."

He seemed a bit mystified by this phenomena; that he had no chums; as if that implied a lack somewhere in his possessions; as if he had missed something that money could not buy.

I said to him: "Mr. Ford, you are not alone in that respect. Men of the genius type are often lonely men; they have no intimates. Lincoln had no intimates. And, generally speaking, after all, most of us live pretty much alone in life."

But, in spite of what Mr. Ford said about his lack of friends, he really has a host of friends; men who are proud to call him by that sacred name and not a single one of them care one whit about his money.

There is fine Will Rogers. I talked with him in New York a few days ago about his friendship for Mr. Ford and Will was animated and sincere when he exclaimed in his short, jerky sentences, nervous as a wild cat: "Yes, Mr. Ford is a fine feller. I'm for him. I spent a whole afternoon with him. I walked in the fields with him and he showed me his birds. That guy's all right. I like him. He's a real he-man." Mr. Rogers likes Mr. Ford and is proud of this friendship.

Mr. Ford's friends have a wide range. The whole world knows of his beautiful friendship with John Burroughs. This friendship has run along for years and has been most intimate in the bigger, finer sense of that word.

Mr. Ford's knowledge of birds bound these two men together with hoops of steel and it is a commonly acknowledged fact that Mr. Ford often puzzled Mr. Burroughs with his knowledge of certain birds and their habitat.

Luther Burbank is also one of Mr. Ford's friends. I had the honor of an interview with Mr. Burbank in California, long before I met Mr. Ford, and at that time Mr. Burbank talked a good deal of his friend Henry Ford. This was just following the great Exposition in San Francisco and they had been together a good deal, like a trio of school boys

let out from school for the vacation, for Thomas Edison was with them on that occasion.

Mr. Burbank speaks of Mr. Ford in most affectionate terms as one of the truly great men of this generation and time. He said to me in that interview, which I copy from old notes: "Henry Ford is a creative genius in his way. He has made something new and something that the common people can afford and enjoy."

These three cronies, as they may safely be called, could be seen walking about the Exposition grounds for several days and many are the photographs snapped with their arms about each other and sitting down together. This is a very fine type of personal friendship among men of real genius in different fields.

I had the honor of introducing Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," to Mr. Ford one Saturday recently, when the great American poet was visiting my home.

I had always wanted these two men to meet. Especially, since the death of Mr. Ford's friend, John Burroughs. I wanted Mr. Markham to take Mr. Burrough's place in that empty niche of friendship. I knew that the two had everything in common. I knew that Mr. Ford had a great social vision such as Mr. Markham had. I knew that he was an idealist just as was the poet. I knew that they would strike fire as soon as they met. And they did. It was a great experience to watch their minds play against each other.

Mr. Markham said to Mr. Ford: "I put the

social gospel into words and you put it into works."

These two idealists took to each other from the jump.

Mr. Markham said: "I've waited centuries for this opportunity of meeting you. This is a great moment in my life."

After awhile Mr. Ford said: "Why, here it is nearly two o'clock and we haven't had any lunch." I was about starved myself but those two were so interested in each other that they had not noticed that it was two hours beyond lunch time. I didn't want to interrupt.

At lunch they sat together and talked. Mr. Ford sent a boy across the snowy fields to his own home library for Mr. Markham's books and after lunch Mr. Markham, at Mr. Ford's request, read his Lincoln poem and his "Man with the Hoe." It was a dramatic scene.

Then these two men talked about—what? Machinery, competition, industry? No! They talked about Immortality, Religion, The Sermon on the Mount and its social application, the Holy Spirit, Jesus Christ, and the miracles that Jesus performed. Mr. Ford listened to this great Poet Prophet expound the miracles of Christ and define what the term "the Holy Ghost" means and suddenly exclaimed: "Why don't you write that down in a book?"

Mr. Markham grasped the manufacturer's hand. The bargain was sealed and Mr. Markham started to work within a half hour on that book for Mr. Ford.

I say in half an hour but it was longer than that, for Mr. Ford kept us until nearly five o'clock that Saturday afternoon. Mr. Markham outlined the chapters of the new book on the way back to Detroit while I drove the car and he sat in the rear seat telling me what he was doing.

Mr. Markham said of Mr. Ford after the interview was over: "That is the outstanding afternoon of all my life. Mr. Ford is Lincoln-like. He is simple and direct and humble and powerful. He even looks like Lincoln and moves like him. He is certainly a Lincoln sort of a man. I have never met such a striking personality."

"What most impressed you about Mr. Ford, Mr. Markham?" I asked.

"His quiet voice. Did you notice that he never spoke above a quiet conversational tone?"

Edgar Guest and Ford are great friends and have been for years. Mr. Ford for years presented the Detroit poet with a Ford. He had watched Mr. Guest grow in stature and reputation as a boy about town and was interested in him. He reads Mr. Guest's homey verse with great delight. It is Mr. Ford's style; home-like and "Folks." Anybody who had visited with Mr. Ford a few times would know that he would like "Eddie," as we all love to call our poet.

Mr. Ford's circle of friends is as varied as an old-fashioned bedspread. It consists of all kinds and colors and professions.

Mr. Ford said to me of his friendship with Mr. Edison: "I have known him since 1886. He put

the first electric lighted sign in the Moffat Building where I went to college in the Goldsmith Business College. We have been close friends since then."

He has many boyhood friends in Dearborn who still remain true to him and he to them. He greets each old-time friend by his first name and he walks about the Dearborn streets year in and year out.

He feels more at home with men than with women. It is to Mrs. Ford and Edsel, after all, that he goes for his intimacies. That is the limit of his intimates.

It was a beautiful scene that was enacted in the Michigan Central depot when the body of one of the Dodge boys was brought home. Mr. Ford happened to be there with one of his executives. The crowd was pouring through and congregating as if something unusual was going on.

Mr. Ford said: "What is going on? Why all this excitement?"

"They are bringing the body of Mr. Dodge home, Mr. Ford."

Mr. Ford said, with deep sympathy: "We must wait and speak to the family. We must offer our sympathy."

"He was deeply moved with a sense of sympathy for the widow and the children," said this executive to me.

"The Dodge Brothers' separation from the company was all a misunderstanding—all a misunderstanding. They were fine boys. I liked them," said Mr. Ford simply and sympathetically.

He and Barney Oldfield have been friends since the early days when the great racer drove the first Ford car. That is a matter of history. Mr. Ford has an autographed photograph of Oldfield in his Highland Park Plant office, and on that photograph Mr. Oldfield has written:

“Barney Oldfield—To my dear friend, Henry Ford, who started me on my famous career by building for me 999 F.”

Mr. Ford's intimates may be few; but his friends are many. So it has always been with men of genius.

CHAPTER V

How Mr. Ford Plays

I was talking with Mr. Ford and a group of five or six of his executives.

We were sitting in the office of the *Dearborn Independent*, and as I looked out of the window I saw the beautiful artificial lake across from the offices and said to Mr. Ford: "Do you ever skate, Mr. Ford?"

"I do and I like it. I'll go get my skates and show them to you."

With that he jumped up from his seat and scurried out of the room, searching for his skates to show me.

While he was out, Mr. W. B. Mayo, the chief engineer of the Ford organization said: "Mr. Ford made his own pair of skates. He always does that. He sent for all the different kinds of skates he could buy and then, when he had examined them all, he made himself a pair.

"Yes," added Mr. W. H. Smith, another of his executives, while we waited for Mr. Ford to return with his skates, "if you go out in the hall there, you will find about fifty pairs of sleigh bells. Mr. Ford wanted to have a pair for the children at Christmas time, so he sent two men all over Michigan to buy old-fashioned bells. He wanted to get

exactly the tone in those bells that he used to hear when he was a boy."

Just then Mr. Ford came in, with a grin all over his expressive face, waving a pair of home-made skates over his head.

"I've found them. I brought them down to have the boys sharpen them this morning and I had a hard time finding them."

"Do you skate much?"

"Every evening on the pond back of the house, Mrs. Ford and I have a skate."

A newspaper friend told me how he once suffered through this skating play tendency of Mr. Ford's.

He and another newspaper man were interviewing Mr. Ford one evening at the Ford home. Mr. Ford was talking unusually well when suddenly he stopped and said: "Excuse me for a minute, please."

He left the reporters sitting there and disappeared. A half hour passed and Mrs. Ford got anxious about him and sent a servant to find him. They found him out on the ice-pond back of the house skating all by himself.

Nobody knows why he went; whether it was to have a chance to be alone to think out some of the questions that had been put to him by the reporters, or whether it was just a simple desire to skate. More than likely it was the play spirit in him at work and he chuckled to himself at the thought of the two reporters sitting alone while he skated.

He likes to be in the fields and frequently disappears for long walks alone. I said to him one day

at Dearborn: "Who do you take with you on these walks?"

"I prefer to go alone," he said. "That gives me a chance to think."

He walks out across the winter fields and watches the wild animals and birds. This is one of his chief joys. He walks to and fro from his Dearborn home to the office frequently. He loves to play with the birds. He has bird houses built all over his Dearborn farms and every year the birds occupy these houses.

One of his greatest play-times is when he is tinkering in the Dearborn Shop where he spends a good deal of his time. He is always working out some new idea and works over that idea like an Edison for months or years at a stretch.

"Do you walk much, Mr. Ford?" I asked him one day, when he came in, flushed from what appeared to have been a long hike.

"Three miles to-day. I usually walk two or three miles every day. That is what keeps me well."

He pulled a pedometer out of his pocket and showed it to us. Mr. Edwin Markham was there and these two "boys" spent a good deal of time examining the works of the pedometer. Mr. Ford opened the back of it and explained its inner workings to Mr. Markham and showed him how, each time he took a step, the pedometer ticked off a certain number of inches, and how it could be adjusted to certain strides of various people.

Mr. Ford is very observing when he is thinking along any certain line and that day when we went

to lunch across an icy road, I was fearful lest Mr. Markham fall on the ice.

"You needn't worry about Mr. Markham falling. He'll never fall the way he puts his feet down. He puts his feet down firmly as if he's going some place," said Mr. Ford.

"Yes, I am going somewhere," said Mr. Markham. "I'm on the way to heaven and this interview with Mr. Ford is one of the high hills on that happy way!"

Mr. Ford likes to play with little children and they like to play with him. He likes nothing better than to have a score of children around him in the fields playing.

He said to me in the typical manufacturer's terms: "Children are the last production of Heaven and the best; they get better the more they turn out!"

"Do you still like children to believe in Santa Claus in spite of some modern faddists who believe that that is wrong?" I asked him.

"Certainly, I want them to believe in Santa Claus. It didn't hurt you or me, did it, to believe in that old fellow? Why, last month I had a great Christmas party for the kiddies and I got one of our boys who is a little duffer and dressed him up and actually got him to come down the chimney at home to make it more real for the children. You ought to have seen their faces when he came down that chimney."

There was the great manufacturer at play. It was good to catch a glimpse of this side of him.

"Do you feel more at home with men or women?"

"Men!"

He doesn't feel much at home with women and few of them get a chance at him save through Mrs. Ford.

"I've hoed a thousand miles in my day," Ford said to Mr. Markham, when they got to talking about "The Man with the Hoe."

"Hoeing gives a boy a chance to think and that's a good thing about it. Maybe that fellow of yours got to thinking over his hoe as he worked?"

I asked him where he would prefer to go to get a rest and a little recreation.

He replied: "Up in the big woods. I go often."

"Where do you spend your evenings?" I asked him.

"At home! I'd rather be there than any place I know."

I found this true. He seldom goes out at night. He sits and reads and talks with Mrs. Ford. Now and then he goes to Detroit to a good show or concert but not often. Now and then when a great author lectures, he goes to hear him, but this does not occur very often.

One of my good friends got this typical story of the Ford family. Mrs. Ford was in a Detroit jeweler's when one of the clerks, who knew her, tried to interest her in some new strings of pearls that had just come in. "They're only \$60,000," he said.

Mrs. Ford smiled but did not show any interest.

That is the spirit of the Ford family. Mr. Ford is the same way.

"Where do you spend Sundays?" I asked him.

"At home with Mrs. Ford and the family," he replied simply.

"Do you like yachting trips or auto trips better?"

"Auto trips—every time. To tell you the truth, I don't like a yacht; there doesn't ever seem to be room enough on one."

"Do you ever expect to travel in the Orient?" I knew he was interested in China and I knew of his many agencies in the Orient and I wondered if he were not contemplating a world-wide trip.

Mr. Ford answered: "Yes, I expect to go around the world some time and visit my agencies in Palestine, Russia, Europe, China and elsewhere."

"South America?"

"Yes, I'll go to South America too."

"Have you ever been up in an airplane?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"There's no necessity for it," was his rather abrupt reply.

"Where do you go when you really want to get away from people and get a good rest?"

"I go home," he said simply.

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Chew?"

"No!"

"Drink?"

"Never! I've seen the harm that it does to men; my workmen. I'm against it and have always been."

Mr. Ford enjoys the many distinguished visitors he meets. They come from all over the world.

I believe he gets great recreation from these visits, for he talks as if he enjoyed these idealists, and, after all, those who know Ford will say that he is an idealist at heart and that he lives in a world far removed from wheels and bolts and efficient machinery.

He plays with people, with children, birds, trees, animals and machines; but he plays. That is the thing. He plays. He has learned to play.

CHAPTER VI

Those Who "Carry On"

"I see that Mr. Ford is losing all his good men," said a member of the world's awkward squad to Mr. Mayo, chief engineer of the Ford organization, when one of the Ford executives left the organization.

"Well, I'm still with him," said Mr. Mayo, who is, in addition to being a great engineer, something of a humorist.

This dialogue sums it all up. Those who have left the organization can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Those who remain are about two hundred; true and loyal.

There have been a good many smashing news stories written about the four or five executives who have left the Ford group but it seems to me that the real story to be written is about those who remain.

I wanted to write that story about the old war horses; the men who have stood by; those who have "carried on"; most of them boys who have grown up with the organization; men who have come up from blacksmiths and machinists to efficient executives. That is the spirit of the Ford organization.

So I sought an interview for this purpose. Mr. Ford was kind enough to invite me to luncheon with four or five of his executives. After this luncheon

I went through the great plants and saw the other executives and superintendents in action; back in the shops among the men, bending over blue prints and arguing like a lot of football men over certain plays.

In fact that seems to sum up the spirit of the Ford group. They are a lot of boys playing the world's biggest game in the industrial world. There is a captain to be sure, but he does not obtrude himself. He gives the signals and he trusts the boys to carry the ball over. Every fellow on the team seems to be proud of every other fellow and wants him to get the credit.

They call each other "Bill" and "Ed" and "Jim." They are homey folks. Mr. Ford trusts his men and "the boys" trust Mr. Ford. This is one of the secrets of the fine team work that is manifested everywhere. The best illustration of this I got from Mr. Ford himself.

Last fall Mr. Ford sent one of his executives to Kentucky to buy some coal mines. This executive is an expert engineer. He saw the mines, looked them over, wired to Mr. Ford that they were all right, and purchased them.

"Did you not go down to look them over yourself, Mr. Ford?" I asked him.

"No!"

"Nor Edsel?"

"No, I haven't even seen them yet."

"Eight million dollars seems a lot of money to spend in one purchase without your having seen the mines?" I said, a bit mystified.

"Why, the boys said they were all right and that's

enough for me," said the great executive with a sense of finality.

Mr. Ford trusts his executives. In fact that spirit runs throughout the entire organization. That shoots a new impetus into men from top to bottom. It creates a spirit of competition, but the competition is to see who can get out the most production, who can best improve the spirit of team-work, who can invent some quicker, cheaper, better way of doing a thing.

One executive said to me about the matter of a few executives going out: "It was just like a balloon when it was rid of heavy sand weights. When they dropped off in their parachutes the organization took a leap upward."

Not that there is any spirit of bitterness over those who left. I could not detect a single bit of this. I have interviewed most of the Ford executives and have talked with Mr. Ford himself many times about the men who have gone out, saying: "The boss is crazy," and I have never heard a single word of criticism. That is a remarkable thing and I believe it to be a fact that personally Mr. Ford has the friendship of every man who has left. There is a peculiar charm about the man that wins eternal loyalty.

"Mr. Ford did it." This is what the organization told me.

"What about this, Mr. Ford? Did you do it?" I asked the "Chief" himself.

"No! The boys did. They say that I did it, but they did."

I found that Mr. Ford's chief complaint about my stories of him was that I had too much of eulogy of himself in them. He said to me: "You talk about me too much. Leave that out. Every time you come across an 'I' cross it out. Always say 'we.'"

Mr. Ford wants "the boys" to have the credit and "the boys" want Mr. Ford to have it.

We were talking about those who have carried on through all the years of the organization. One of Mr. Ford's oldest executives said to me:

"I knew Mr. Ford in 1900 when he was working at the Edison plant. He was always talking about his cheap car for the common people. I used to make patterns for him at the Bryant and Berry shop where I worked as a boy. We got to be good friends and when Mr. Ford started his factory I went to him for a job. He wouldn't give it to me."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"He said that he didn't want to take me away from a good job until he got to going better. Later I got my job and I've been with Mr. Ford ever since and he couldn't drive me away."

One executive, known as "P. E." in the organization, I found busy at work in the Highland Park plant, with an old-fashioned derby on the back of his head and a pencil behind his ear. He had on a white collar, and was dressed like a gentleman, but he spends his time in the shop. It is plain to be seen that he is no "desk man." He grew up in the organization from mechanic to the executive head of

the Highland Park plant and, indeed, of all of the Ford plants on earth.

"What is his title?" I asked Mr. Ford.

"Just 'P. E.'—that's all," said Mr. Ford. "You know we have no titles in our organization. 'P. E.' has charge of everything. He knows how many cars are turned out every day. His word goes for everything, I guess."

When I saw "P. E." he was standing with one foot on the floor of a shop superintendent's room and the other on a chair, bending over a blue print with five or six superintendents arguing about the rear axle. I wanted to see them in action. That was a typical Ford scene. These men who were really "carrying on" were all in the shops. They were all men who had come up in the organization from the lowest rungs of practical experience.

There was one big man who has charge of all electrical parts in all Ford plants. He too grew up with the plant and he grew to a comfortably large size. He is happy, I gathered, in his responsibility. I asked him if he expected to leave. He said not until they kicked him out.

"George" is the guard at the door of the Highland Park plant. He attached himself to the plant in its early days. He has no particular title. They put a uniform on him one day but he only wore it an hour. He wears what he calls his "workin'" clothes now. Mr. Ford always hangs his hat upon a certain nail when he goes into the plant and "George" watches it. He also knows every man

who goes in and out of the plant, but "George," like the rest of them, has no official title.

I noticed as we went through the plant that the superintendents' offices were all empty.

"Where are your superintendents?" I asked.

"They are out in the shops where they belong," I was told.

That is it. The Ford organization is run by men who stay in the shops. They have always stayed there. They started there. They have their natural habitat there. They feel at home. They are happy. They get results. They know their men.

It is not only a "Bill" and "Ed" and "George" organization in the front office but it is the same in the shops. The superintendents know the men and live and work with them. There are only three men over fifty years of age in the Ford organization.

There are no titles. They all do what their hands find to do. Everybody is busy. A Ford factory is no place for idle hands and hearts.

"We want everybody to be busy and happy," said Mr. Ford. "If they don't like the work they are doing, we want them to ask for a change of occupation. We have enough variety of jobs to keep them all happy!"

I asked a doctor at the Ford hospital to name me some of the outstanding experts in that institution and he replied: "There are no distinctions made here on the staff." That seems to be the spirit of the working "gang" that is "carrying on" in the Ford organization.

The whole spirit reminds me of an interview that Miss Mary Mullett had with Coach Fielding H. Yost a few months ago which was later published in *The American Magazine*.

I had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Mullett shortly after her interview with Coach Yost and she said to me: "I couldn't get him to talk about himself. He insisted upon talking about his boys all the time."

That is exactly the spirit of Mr. Ford. He wants to talk; not about what he is doing and has done but about what "the boys" have done. Most of the big men in the organization have grown up with the business and it has become as much a part of their lives as a college does and they have a spirit of personal pride in their Alma Mater. That is the chief thing that accounts for the wonderful progress of the organization. It is a "team" of "boys" playing at the biggest industrial game on earth and playing to win for the team but not for themselves.

CHAPTER VII

Making Men or Machines?

Does Ford's industry make men or machines?

America has a right to an answer to this question. Socialists are asking it and they too have a right to an answer. Radicals are asking it and I want to give them an honest answer.

Does Mr. Ford's efficiency methods make men or machines? All idealists whether in church or politics are asking it. Extremists who can see nothing good in Mr. Ford come back with a smash and insist, rather blatantly, with soap-box vehemence that the whole industry makes machines out of men. College professors in the economic departments and preachers who have never seen the inside of a Ford plant are fond of appealing to the risibilities of mankind by shouting from the housetops that Mr. Ford's efficiency system makes poor, dull, dead machines out of the men who work in his factories.

I have written many things about Mr. Ford himself, but I thought that the place to go for this information was to the plants. I thought that I could get the most honest answer to this great social question from the men themselves. So I went.

I went as any other citizen of Detroit would. I took upon myself the guise of a man looking for a job. I inquired of men of every type; men who were

educated, men who were ignorant, family men, single men, men who were American-born, and men who could not speak a word of English straight or construct a single perfect sentence if their lives depended upon it. I even went so far as to dress up in clothes that lessened the barrier between myself and the men with whom I talked. I talked with them on street cars on their way to work. I talked with them in the shops, in the offices, in Dearborn, in Detroit, in the River Rouge plant.

I did not find one single dissatisfied employee. I did not find a single knocker. I did not hear a single complaint.

"That sounds like propaganda. Wouldn't your words be stronger if you had heard a few complaints," said a friend.

"I didn't interview those employees for strong words; I interviewed them to get the truth that was in their hearts," I replied.

There is a blind man in the Highland Park plant. I talked with him at length. There he was sorting bolts and nuts. He was feeling in the dark. He had two boxes on the bench in front of him. He took a bolt and fitted it into a nut. Those that fitted he tossed into one box and those that did not fit he tossed into another box. When it was filled the box was removed by a boy.

I watched several blind men work for half an hour. It was a startling thing to see. It clutched at my heart. I said to myself as the tears stood in my eyes and the whirr and whirl of machinery sang in my heart, sang like an anthem of

goodwill: "Here is industrial decency at work. Here are Christian principles applied. Here is the Sermon on the Mount in action. If it can only be true. It is too good to believe. There's surely some trick somewhere about it. This idealism in a plant that is said to be the most efficiently organized plant on earth. I'll bite. Where's the gag?"

Then I walked over to the oldest of the blind men at work. He must have been eighty I thought.

"How old are you?" I asked him.

"Seventy-eight," he answered with a smile.

"Are you absolutely blind?" I asked him.

"Blind as a bat," was his answer, as he laughed out loud.

"How much money do you make here?"

"Six dollars a day," he said, and there was in his voice the ring of a self-reliant and an independent man. Then he added with a snap like the snap of a verbal whip: "As much as any darned man in the plant."

"How much longer can you keep this job?"

"Oh, I'll be here for ten years longer anyhow."

"Do you get the same pay as men who have their full sight?"

"Exactly the same," he said with pride, and added quickly, looking up at me out of sightless eyes with a twinkle in his facial expression: "And I'm worth it, by gosh. I'm worth it."

That statement startled and thrilled me. "And I'm worth it."

I doubted it. I had a hunch that this was just one of Mr. Ford's ways of getting around giving charity.

I suspected that this was one way of giving a man a chance through a sense of sympathy.

The next day in an interview with Mr. Ford, himself, I told him about this group of blind men. I told him of my conversation with this old fellow.

I said: "Now, Mr. Ford, I want to get the low down on this? Do you give those fellows work just to give them a feeling of independence? Is this disguised charity? You say that you don't believe in charity; that you believe in giving a man a chance and not charity? I'll not give you away. Come clean with your honest motives."

He came clean and I vouch for it. He said: "I wouldn't keep those blind men a minute if I did not believe them efficient. In fact, they can do that particular job more efficiently than a man who can see.

"A man who can see, set at that job, is nervous and impatient and he feels that it is a child's job. Those blind men we have found earn their full six dollars a day and they are worth as much to the institution as anybody else."

I found that group of blind men perfectly happy and contented in their work. They were getting work to do that made them self-supporting and independent when in ordinary industrial channels they would have long since been thrown on the industrial dump-heap.

"There are no outcasts with us," said Mr. Ford.

"We never turn a man down because of physical deformities, or taint of any kind providing his disease is not contagious."

I thought I would put some straight questions to Mr. Ford on this matter.

"Convicts?"

"We lift no barriers against them if they honestly want to work and turn over a new leaf," said Mr. Ford.

"Tuberculosis?"

"We have a thousand working for us in special rooms that we provide, with a special menu that we also provide to help them get well."

"Cripples?"

Said Mr. Ford: "We have had a survey of jobs made in the plant, jobs that cripples may work at. We have found that there are three thousand jobs that cripples can do as well, if not better, than perfectly well men. We have 670 jobs that can be filled by legless men, 2,637 jobs that can be filled by men with only one leg, two jobs that are filled by armless men, 715 jobs that can be filled by men with only one arm, and ten jobs that can be filled by blind men."

"That sounds like making men out of material that is usually thrown aside in modern industry," I said.

"That's our business; we salvage everything; even men. We make six hundred thousand dollars a year from our floor sweepings. We don't waste a scrap. We salvage men too in the same way. Men are worth more than material. We have 9,563 sub-standard men at work right now. Among these there are 123 men who are crippled or who have amputated arms, forearms or hands. There are

four totally blind, 207 blind in one eye, 253 with one eye nearly blind, thirty-six deaf and dumb men, sixty epileptics, four with legs and feet missing, and 234 with one foot or one leg gone."

"That doesn't sound much like you are making machines out of men, Mr. Ford. That sounds more like you were humanizing industry."

"Well, you must judge for yourself. There are no secrets here. If you think our men are machines, go out and see them. You can find out for yourself whether they work, talk, think or live like machines."

Which thing I have done. They are a happy lot, these Ford employees. They work hard, true enough. But modern psychology is telling us that none of us even begins to touch our physical resources and our fountains of energy.

There was a short shut-down a while ago in the Ford plants when Mr. Ford was trying to force a fair price for coal. When the men went back to work at midnight they went back to work singing as they went.

"That was one of the most thrilling sights I ever saw," said an old hard-boiled newspaper reporter. "It reminded me of the days we mobilized for war before we knew what war meant. It was like marching to a holiday. They went back to work singing and shouting like a lot of college boys home from a football victory. Making machines out of men! Hell, these fellows hold on to their jobs like death."

I talked with a fine looking machinist in the Highland Park plant. I said to him: "Does Mr. Ford

give you fellows a chance? If you get a new idea does it get attention?"

"Sure Mike! We all like to get ideas, for Mr. Ford gives us a chance to try them out."

This young fellow showed me a stamping machine that saved ten operations. A Ford employee who worked on that very machine had suggested the idea and, though it cost thousands of dollars in experiments to work it out, there was no hesitancy or economy in giving it a trial. In this case it worked and the man received his just reward.

The men who work at what seems to be a monotonous operation are given the privilege of changing their work every two weeks.

"Do you fellows ever ask for a change to another process?" I asked a fine young fellow of Italian extraction who admitted that he had a family of four children.

"No! This isn't bad. I do this thing easily. I have time to chat with my friend here between movements. The eight hours soon fly by and then I have eight more to read and play and visit with my family and go to see the pictures. It's a snap after the steel mills where I worked in Pittsburgh."

They are a happy lot, these Ford employees. They work close together.

"It looks like there was a fight!" said Ralph Connor, the famous author, when I took him through the Ford plant.

He was right. That is exactly what it looks like all over the plant. The men work so close together that on the first glance into a great room it looks as

if the men had all congregated to see a fight or to listen to an argument.

Man likes this. He is a social animal and he likes to be close to his human kind. Men like to work close together. Superficial observers think this is a bad feature. They seem so crowded. But they like it.

"That's the best thing about the job," said one man. "We stand close and we get a chance to visit as we work. We talk politics and machinery and tell each other about our families and our church and—you know."

"You are permitted to talk?"

"All we please so we don't miss a turn. That gets to be easy to manage," he said as he smiled.

"Doesn't it get terribly monotonous?" I asked an old man, who was grinding valves, or handling them as the machine ground them.

"Naw!" he said in disgust. "Does it get monotonous to work the gears in an automobile?"

"No! You do it mechanically just like you button your shoes or put on your coat.

"Same here man! It doesn't get monotonous. It's easy. It's restful."

The Ford plants are efficient to the last word. They get production and results in an appalling degree. They do not get results, however, at the sacrifice of men.

I have tried to get a truthful answer to the great social question as to whether Mr. Ford is making machines out of men. I have gone to the men themselves to get this answer. I have interviewed the

men, rather than Mr. Ford. I have also tried to get his reactions; his ideals about the matter. I do not believe that Mr. Ford would, for one minute, stand by and see his plant make machines out of men. I know him well enough to believe sincerely that he would rather see his plants dumped into the sea than to do that.

CHAPTER VIII

The Ford Fair Play

• This is a strange chapter to write but it has to be written to make this book complete.

It is strange to write a defense of Mr. Ford because Mr. Ford does not need defending to those who know him. Also he never defends himself. He lets the facts stand.

In one particular controversy when I had the facts to refute some particularly hard criticism he steadfastly refused to give me permission to give those facts to the public. He gave them to me but he would not allow me to publish them. When I urged this privilege he said: "I do not care! I do not need to defend myself from criticism. If you are honest and your heart is right your best defense, in the long run, will be the facts themselves."

Most of the people who criticize Mr. Ford have never seen him and two thirds of them have not even been inside of his factories. Half of them have not even read the books that have been written about him.

One of the most characteristic illustrations of this type of criticism I heard in New York from a business man who should have been ashamed of himself. In ordinary business matters he is scrupulously careful to get the facts in a case before he makes a deci-

sion. He weighs these facts and their sources most carefully before he expresses himself. I do not know of any keener business man in New York. He is the head of a big religious publishing house.

One day when I sat in his office he said: "Stidger, I heard a group of business men discussing you and your Ford articles the other day and one of these business men said that you were a liar."

He put it bluntly and, being an inquisitive fellow, I mildly asked what he referred to.

"He says that he read an article by you in which you said that Henry Ford had built the Ford hospital in Detroit. This man is a business man from Detroit and he says that you are either a liar or that you have been completely fooled. He says that Henry Ford did not build this hospital at all but that it was another Ford who built it."

I said to this publisher: "Do you really believe that man? Are you in earnest when you sit there and tell me that you honestly believe that that fellow knew what he was talking about when he said that Henry Ford did not build that hospital? Can it be possible, or are you trying to play a joke on me?"

"Yes, I believe what this business man said. I do not believe that Henry Ford built the Ford hospital."

The truth of the matter is, as I told this business man, and as I have carefully set forth in this book elsewhere, that the Ford hospital was started as a municipal subscription hospital. Mr. Ford was induced to subscribe a large amount to it. Then they had to come to him for a second subscription. He

refused to give a second time but offered to pay every person who had given money in full and take over the hospital himself and build it. He did exactly this thing and, to date, has put about seven millions into it with more to follow. This is the true story; a matter of undenied history and fact in Detroit; a matter of court record. Every cent that went into the Ford hospital was put in by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford.

And yet here was a judicial, staid, well-balanced business man who accepted as a fact the statement that Henry Ford did not build it, but that another Ford had done so.

That is usually the basis of the Ford criticism. Most men who criticize him do not know him. Most of them have not taken the trouble to read the many reliable books that have been written about him. Many of them have not even visited his factories, which are always open to the public.

Not that Mr. Ford, of whom I write, is immaculate. He has built up a great institution; the greatest of its kind on earth. He is the richest man who ever lived. He has made enemies all along the way. Men of his type always do. But those who say that he is a ruthless spirit simply do not know the man.

One of the most common criticisms is the criticism that he has ruined many subsidiary concerns who took contracts with him to manufacture certain accessories and parts of the Ford. The gossip has it that many times Mr. Ford has suddenly withdrawn these contracts without warning and left these firms

stranded. I hear that every day in Detroit, and elsewhere, from business men and from every-day folks.

I was told, in regard to this matter, by a fair-minded business man of Detroit: "In most instances if there was any legal injustice done these so-called manufacturing concerns would have recourse to the courts. And, believe me, they would soon go to the courts if they had a case. But have you ever heard of one that did and won?"

I had not.

"Further, this is the usual explanation of those cases when you get the facts. Mr. Ford has a contract with them. They refuse to pay decent living wages. Their men go on a strike. They fail to deliver according to their contracts. Any delay is disastrous and means that the plant has to keep Ford purchasers waiting for months. If these concerns would pay a decent wage they would not have strikes on their hands. So, in many cases the Ford Company has been forced to manufacture their own accessories and Ford parts when a sudden emergency of this kind made it impossible for a company to keep its contract."

I have never seen a business man who will so consistently go the "Second Mile" that preachers and idealists talk about, or so often do the fair and square thing. The medals of valor in France were awarded in each instance to men who stepped "aside from the path of duty" to perform some meritorious service. Men were not given medals for performing their duty.

The most spectacular illustration of the Ford spirit along this line was the Lincoln Motor Company story.

The Lelands are pioneers in the automobile industry. They are loved and respected in Detroit by all who know them. They built the Cadillac and then organized the Lincoln Motor Company. Following the war this company was verging on failure. Friends of the Lelands asked Mr. Ford to save them. Mr. Leland went to New York on the promise of money, but the day he arrived the last government assessment was made and the result was that it was impossible to get money on Wall Street.

Appeal was again made to Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford's business policy had always been to stick to his own last, to manufacture but one model, and that a Ford, and let it go at that. There is nothing in the past which has been a more confirmed business policy with him. But in spite of this fact, due to the solicitation of Mrs. Ford, who said: "We must not let the Lelands fail. They are Detroit people!" Mr. Ford broke his long-time business policy.

He had appraisements made of the property and decided that he would be willing to put five million dollars into it. Then he decided to add three million dollars to pay outstanding obligations against the property.

When Judge Tuttle, the receiver, representing the government, went over the case he said: "Why not make the sale price eight million and relieve yourself of all responsibility?"

That was done and supposedly the case was ended, with the usual newspaper photographers present to see the document signed and to make a front page story.

But that was not the end with Mr. Ford. He went "The Second Mile." He presented Henry M. Leland, Sr., on his birthday, with a check for \$325,000, the amount that he had personally invested in the plant, and then Mr. Ford paid over \$600,000 on the personal obligations of Mr. Leland and his son Wilfred. There were no strings to these checks. They were separate and apart from the purchase of the business. They were Henry Ford's personal act. The *Wall Street Journal* thoroughly investigated this phase of the matter and published the facts.

Then Mr. Ford began an investigation and attempted to discover just how much money it would take to completely reimburse the creditors of the Lincoln Motor Company. He discovered that four million additional dollars would pay off all the creditors. He cheerfully wrote this check for four million dollars.

Mr. Ford started out on this project against his business program to save some friends from disaster. He went three millions beyond what he felt the company was worth in the first step to protect everybody. Then he gave the Lelands practically a million dollars personally so that they would not lose a cent. Then he added four million to this, having, before he was through with this deal, gone just eight mil-

lion dollars along "The Second Mile," beyond "the line of duty," legal or moral, far beyond any known obligations.

I firmly believe that this is entirely consistent with Ford methods and Ford dealings, personal and business. He says, as I have stated in a preceding chapter, that "The Sermon on the Mount" is his personal and his industrial constitution. He says that it will work any place; that you do not need to lead up to it; that you can set it down in the business world any place and it will work.

I could cite a dozen illustrations of the Ford fairness in business dealings. It is a curious thing that all of the men who have left the Ford organization still respect and speak highly of Mr. Ford with one or two exceptions. It is also a striking comment that Mr. Ford can sit down unabashed in front of the executives with whom he has worked for years and frankly discuss his religious beliefs without a word of apology or a blush of shame. That is a great test. Most of us cannot boast much of our religious lives even in the presence of our wives.

I call this chapter "The Ford Fair Play" because I think that that name fits it best. I have written it here because it is necessary to get the complete picture of Henry Ford before my readers.

I have mentioned the good as well as the bad about this man as far as I know and he has not asked me to temper the wind to the shorn lamb in the least.

CHAPTER IX

Is Henry Ford Boss of the Ranch?

"You have written so many times about Mr. Ford leaving things to his organization. Does that mean that he is not the boss?" I was asked by a business man a few days ago.

I think that this is one of the most frequent assertions about Mr. Ford; that he does not really run things himself; that his organization is responsible for the truly great things that are done; that he is a mere mechanic whom Fate has treated well; and that most of his good fortune is luck and the ability to pick good men.

"Henry doesn't do it; his organization does it."

That is true to a certain extent.

Mr. Ford himself said to me: "Of course, somebody has to make the final decisions in a matter of dispute and in a matter of policy. I'm the fellow who does that."

"Believe me," said one of his prominent executives, "when Mr. Ford sees something wrong he is the fellow who sets it right and that right quick. Everybody knows who's the boss when it needs to be known."

Mr. Ford doesn't like to emphasize this kind of thing but I feel that it is a part of his character that the people ought to know in order to offset the fre-

quent assertion of his few enemies that he has no backbone and that his executives run both the plant and himself.

"Nothing could be further from the truth!" said an executive close to Mr. Ford from the beginning. "He can act like lightning when it is necessary. He is a Napoleon when the crisis comes. He handles a swift sword when a traitor is in the camp. He is a man of the quickest kind of decisions and his word is final."

One friend told me of an instance when Mr. Ford was looking over the railroad that he recently purchased. A track walker walked right past a roll of good wire which was lying in the ditch. He paid no attention to it and left it there to rust. The man did not know Mr. Ford. "The boss" asked him why the wire was lying there.

"I don't know," said the track walker, "that isn't my department."

"Well, you'd better make it a part of your department and a very distinct part of your business to avoid waste," said Mr. Ford and told the fellow who he was.

"It didn't take him long to get that waste wire into his particular department," said this friend with a chuckle.

I have authenticated the story of how a former head salesman of the Ford organization said to a group of men, in a public address, that he was going to institute some new methods, concluding with these words: "We'll ring every doorbell in the city once a month in our sales campaign."

The next day Mr. Ford said: "We'll have no salesmen at all."

That was the end of it.

I cite these instances not to reflect on the men who found out that Mr. Ford is boss; but just to show that the common rumor that he is not the true head of the great organization is untrue.

One executive said that the Ford organization could not get through the recent financial crisis without borrowing money. He knew that this was against Mr. Ford's wishes and his policy. Wall Street bankers in those days were coming to Dearborn by the score.

This executive insisted that that was the only way to save the organization.

Mr. Ford stepped in himself; used up the raw products; insisted upon his agencies selling all stock on hand and saved the day without borrowing a cent. In the crisis they had to turn to "the boss" and he saved the day. Like any true executive he does not meddle with his organization but in the crisis he is there always with the final decision.

It doesn't take Mr. Ford long to act when he feels like it. He is a man of decision, as quick as the great Napoleon to act.

Bruce Barton tells the story of the first time that the price of the Ford was lowered after the war. A certain price was set. One of the executives said: "You can't do that, Mr. Ford. It will break up the company. We can't stand it."

"All right, just for that we'll lower it five dollars more."

And that decision stood and still stands.

Yes, Mr. Ford is the boss all right. It is his plant. He is not being run by his executives. He is no tyrant but neither is he a mollicoddle. What Mr. Ford says goes in the organization.

The entire history of the Ford organization is marked by supreme decisions of this alert mind; decisions that have saved the day. Mr. Ford is not stubborn. He is not an obstructionist. He is a safe and sane leader but he thinks quickly and he makes final decisions.

He is not a figure-head in this great organization. He is "the boss of the ranch."

These illustrations of his decisive qualities ought forever to set at rest the rumor that he is "managed" by those who surround him.

CHAPTER X

Does Mr. Ford Want To Be President?

Henry Ford was sitting quietly in a chair, tilted up against a radiator in *The Dearborn Independent* office. He had been talking rather quietly and calmly until I shot that question at him which all America is asking these days: "Does Henry Ford really want to be President of the United States?"

I had believed until I went to Dearborn that he did. I think that most of the newspapers and editors of America honestly think that he covets that great political plum. I went to Dearborn determined to get at his innermost thoughts on this question. I believe that I did.

I had as a background for that visit an unusual experience and wealth of information. I said to myself before I went: "If I can't get at his heart about this matter, nobody can, for I believe in him; I believe that the people want him; I believe that the people trust him; I believe that he would make a good President. My heart will be honest and my psychology sympathetic. I know that he cannot help responding to that kind of an interview. I shall come back with his honest feelings about that important matter, whether it is negative or positive."

That thing I have done. I have no reservations about the word that I got from Mr. Ford. I am sure his heart was truthful.

I first told Mr. Ford that I had been traveling through the country all summer in Chautauqua; that everywhere I went people wanted to talk about him. I told him that the first question they shot at me when I entered a little town was: "What about Mr. Ford? Will he run for President? Does he actually want to be President?"

I told Mr. Ford all of this and he smiled. All he said was, "That's interesting."

Then I told Mr. Ford, as he sat leaning up against the radiator, how I had purposely dipped into the minds of the common every-day man about his possible candidacy. I told him I had talked with brakemen on the railroads, conductors, and engineers and that they had been enthusiastic over the hopes of his candidacy. I told him of how they had pointed to the fact that he had rehabilitated his own railroad by raising wages, cutting out all Sunday work and asking permission to lower his rates and of how railroad men everywhere, with whom I had talked, had said: "Henry's the man for the Presidency."

He was pleased. He was moved. But he was not moved toward the subject of the Presidency.

Then I told him that the great farmer group as well as the labor and railroad group were for him. I told him that I had talked with farmers all over ten states and of how, as soon as they heard that I was from Detroit they had shot the same old question: "What about Ford? Will he run?"

I told Mr. Ford how earnestly they wanted him to run; that he had won their friendship by fighting for cheaper fertilizer; that he had made their toil

easier by his tractor; and that somehow they had come to trust him and to feel that he was an honest leader. I expected to get what the boys call a "rise" out of him on that Presidency business when I piled up these personal interviews with railroad men, farmers and laborers. I told him that labor was with him; at least the voting labor because he had always stood for the highest wages and because he had set the standard for other manufacturers to follow.

Sometimes it was difficult to tell from his face what he thought. At all times it was evident that this talk about the Presidency had gone much further than he approved. I expected he would say something definite. I felt that I had made it so strong that he simply must talk.

But he didn't.

Then I tried another approach. I told him that that very morning I had purposely talked with several ministers and had asked them the direct question: "If Henry Ford would run for the Presidency, would you vote for him?" From one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in Detroit I got a quick reply with a fist banged on the table: "I'd vote for him. Certainly. I don't see any better candidate in sight in either party."

Backed up by these affirmative answers to that question, I then told Mr. Ford that I believed the preachers of America were for him. He said: "Why are the preachers for me? I haven't done anything for them particularly."

I replied: "Because you are an idealist. Because

your entire life is filled with the spirit of service to others; because you are putting Christian principles into industry; because you believe in world-peace and because they trust you."

Then I shot four or five questions at him, questions that were calculated to make him give me a direct answer to the thought of what he would do if he were the President.

I said: "Mr. Ford, if you were suddenly given the problem of rehabilitating all of the abandoned New England farms, how would you go about it?"

He laughed aloud like a boy who had caught me in a corner and said: "Why, we are already doing that. We are selling more tractors in New England than any place else in the world. Farms that were abandoned a quarter of a century ago as not worth working are now feeding the cities. Our tractor has saved the abandoned farms of New England."

My next strategic question that was to lead up to what he would do if he were the Chief Executive was: "What would you do if you were suddenly to take over a defunct automobile industry?"

He laughed again, for he had gotten me into a trap rather than my getting him into one.

He said: "We would do just what we have always done with that kind of a job."

"What did you do?"

"We tidied it up."

That was a simple and startling answer from a man who deals in billions and in world affairs and

who was a possible choice for the Presidency. "We tidied it up."

That is deeply American in its homeliness. "We tidied it up."

"What do you mean by tidying a thing up?"

"We polished the brass, cleaned it up; oiled the machinery; made things look like the other Ford plants. The minute you get a place tidied up, things work better and smoother. We painted the dark corners white so that men would not spit tobacco juice. Wherever there was a dark corner, we put an electric light. That was what we did when we got the railroad. We tidied it up."

"And now, Mr. Ford, I have come to the real question. All of the preceding questions have been but to lead up to this one. Can't we get you to become our Chief Executive and tidy things up for us?"

He got up from his chair which was leaning against the radiator, stepped to a rug which lay close to where he had been sitting and said: "Do you see this rug?"

I nodded. Then he reached his foot out until he had almost touched on the rug, and said: "I wouldn't step as far as from here to that rug to be the King of England." And there was a ring of real sincerity as he spoke. I honestly believe that he means what he said.

He further said: "I've got as big a job as there is in all the world. It gives me a real opportunity to do good. I have never had to look for a job——"

That sums it up. "I never had to look for a job——"

If America wants Henry Ford, it will have to draft him. Or, in the words of the old mess sergeant in France, when mess was ready: "Come and get it." If America wants Henry Ford for its President, America will have to "come and get him."

He isn't a volunteer in this political war. He will have to be drafted. He is not particularly interested but some of us believe that the country will demand him. That is supposed to be the way our best men are put into office. Take the matter out of politics and let the office call the man, as it did in the old days of true idealism. Henry Ford is too much of an American to be seeking the office but, after many visits with him, I feel that if America calls he will answer, in spite of his reluctance to speak at this time.

Theodore Roosevelt was a far-seeing individual. When he made his last visit to Detroit, according to the *D. A. C. News*, he said to Hugh Chalmers that in 1924: "Your fellow-townsmen, Henry Ford, will be a formidable candidate for the Presidency."

Whether Roosevelt's prophecy will be fulfilled will depend entirely upon the American people and not upon Ford.

If we want Mr. Ford to "tidy up for us" we will have to draft him. He is positively not looking for any bigger job than he already has.

I have proven to my own satisfaction that not a single effort has been made from Mr. Ford's office to promote the Ford boom. He has not turned

his hand over. In fact, he is doing everything he can to discourage it. He is avoiding even the "very appearance of evil."

While I was at Dearborn, there was a reporter from one of the most widely read New York newspapers who had been sent all the way to Detroit to make sure of this matter. He had heard, as we all have heard, that the entire Ford organization is organized to make Mr. Ford President. I saw this man busy at work going through the Ford correspondence, both personal and otherwise, in Mr. Leibold's office and everywhere else. The entire books and correspondence had been turned over to his discerning eyes. He was going over some Ford letters when I saw him at work.

He was a fine looking fellow, was this reportorial Sherlock Holmes but his quest was doomed to failure. The Ford office is open to all authorized inquiries.

As for me, I believed what Mr. Ford told me. If Mr. Ford becomes even a candidate for the Presidency, it will not be through a single effort he himself has made or a single effort that his organization has made with his sanction. It will be because the people have called.

CHAPTER XI

The Ford Foundation

"Mr. Ford," I said, "the people want to know what you are going to do with your huge fortune when you die? A prominent magazine editor in New York, when he knew that I was writing a series of articles about you, suggested that I put this question up to you, as one of the questions in which the average American is interested."

"That's a coincidence," said Mr. Ford. "It is the very question that Charlie Schwab asked me sitting in that very chair where you are."

The question interested him. "Why do they want to know?" he questioned me, as if he were seeking light.

"I presume because it is getting to be a habit with wealthy men to do some useful and social thing with the vast sums of money that they accumulate. Take Mr. Rockefeller, he has established the Rockefeller Foundation."

"So they want to know what I'm going to do with my money. Well, you can tell them there is no 'going to do' about it. I am doing it now! I am investing my money in men; every cent of it; and shall continue to do so.

"When people ask me what I am going to do with my money they usually mean what bunch of secre-

taries or societies I am going to select to dole out my 'charity.' My money is going to keep on going where it is going now—into men.

"That is our defined policy toward the future. Our family does not have much money in personal accounts. Most of our money goes back into the business."

That was an answer to shake the hills if it meant anything. I have enough of a nose for news to know that, if I know anything. He was going to invest his huge fortune in men. It made me pause.

"Then the business itself is to be the Ford Foundation?" I questioned.

"That's right. The organization is to be the Ford Foundation. I want that Foundation to be the life-saving opportunity of millions of men to be self-supporting and self-sustaining. My old motto, 'A chance and not charity' will be the spirit of this Ford Foundation. I do not believe in giving folks things. I do believe in giving them a chance to make things for themselves!"

Was I getting what my old army friends used to call the "low down" in this reply. It sounded as if it had a come-back, some place. But before the interview was finished, I knew that I had discovered the Ford Foundation. He was going to invest every cent of his money in men. He didn't care to leave a personal fortune. He wanted to put it back into men.

"Is this because you realize that a large part of that fortune has been produced by the men who work for you?" I asked him.

"That is exactly it. My men are my partners. That is the way I feel about it. I have spoken many times of this feeling that wherever more than one man has to work to produce a certain tool, or toy or automobile, those men at once become partners."

"I suppose that you would call your wonderful industrial school an investment in men?"

I had just gone through that school. It was one of the most awakening experiences that I had. I took Mr. Edwin Markham, the poet of social democracy, through it with me. He was thrilled by it, just as I was and just as any man is who wants to see social justice done.

There were six hundred boys enrolled. They were not boys from wealthy homes. Most of them were boys who had not had the opportunities that the normal American boys have had.

"Some of these boys might grow up into my 'Man with the Hoe' by the looks of their faces, if Mr. Ford did not give them this chance for self-development and self-expression," said Mr. Markham.

"Yes," said Mr. Ford, when I told him what Markham had said. They are orphans, many of them. They are exactly the kind of boys who throng our police courts. They are at the age when they are plastic to every influence—but society has left them mostly at the mercy of bad influence."

"Do you pay these boys?" I asked one of the Ford executives who was kind enough to take us through the plants.

"Yes, we give them a regular wage and they pro-

duce as they learn. They work in the shop part time and then in the classroom. They make a living as they work. The work that they do is such work as is productive. The school has begun to pay for itself at the same time that the boys learn a trade and get an education."

I learned that these boys get twenty-six cents an hour; that they work two weeks in the shop and one week in the classroom; that there are more than six hundred enrolled and that there is a waiting list of fifteen hundred boys.

I looked into the school rooms. Most of the teachers had their coats off. It had a factory atmosphere; even in the school room. There was perfect discipline. Everything is taught.

In the engineering and mathematics courses the blackboards were used and real engineers were the teachers. The blue prints of work in the shop, which they later could see in action, were used to teach the principles. It was fascinating to both Mr. Markham and myself.

"What about crippled children?" I asked Mr. Ford.

"Oh, that's an interest every man ought to have," he replied. "I don't deserve any credit for that."

"Nevertheless, it is beautiful," I said.

I saw some statistics that show that last year Ford paid out just \$21,199.90 to one specialist for looking after little crippled children.

What I wanted to find out was whether or not he had any special industrial obligation to these children; or whether he was actually carrying out his

Ford Foundation idea of investing his money in men for the sheer sake of helping them.

"None of them were our children or injured in our plants for we do not employ children. Many of them were children of our workers who might never have had their backs straightened if we had not found them and helped them."

I heard of "Shady" in a roundabout way. I had a friend who was running a home for crippled children. I ate dinner with this friend, Mrs. Burt. "Shady" was living with Mrs. Burt. I asked about her.

"Mr. Ford found her down in Kentucky. Her back and hips were twisted. He had her brought here so that one of Mr. Ford's bone specialists could cure her."

I was introduced to "Shady." She was the daughter of a Kentucky coal operator whom the Ford interests had taken over in the recent coal purchase.

She was a little girl with a badly twisted body but with a beautifully sweet face. It was a year ago that I saw her for the first time. It was a month ago that I saw her for the second time. She was well. I wondered if all of this had gone on just as a part of the big machine, so I put the question to Mr. Ford.

"Do you know 'Shady' personally, Mr. Ford?"

"Oh, that little girl we brought up from Kentucky? Yes, I know 'Shady.'"

And the marvel of it was that he DID know "Shady," and he told me the entire story just as my

friend Mrs. Burt had told it to me and he had followed every step of her cure. It was sufficient proof to me that he was investing something besides his money in human life; that he was investing his own personal time and interest. "Shady" to him was not a set of figures; but a human face, a little girl whom he wanted to see cured; she was a crippled child whom he knew personally.

"I guess you're on the right track, Mr. Ford, about investing your money in men. I guess you have as logical and as real a social right to build up a Ford Foundation by investing your money in men as Mr. Rockefeller has by investing his money in research and Mr. Carnegie in organs and libraries and educational institutions."

"That's all there is to live for," replied Mr. Ford. "If we don't live for people, I don't know what there is to live and work for. What's the use of building up a big organization if it isn't for men to share in and profit by? Money in the Ford organization is just exactly as essential to the organization as the connecting rod is to an engine. That's the way I feel about money."

He seemed pleased with that figure of speech so I let him repeat it several times. It got firmly fixed. His personal fortune and the money that he and Edsel have in the organization are just to make the engine go. This is essential. It is supremely important.

"If we had money in our personal accounts, there would be a thousand people after it, none of whom know how to earn a cent or how to intelli-

gently spend a cent. That's the reason why I put it all back into the industry which is putting it back into men who know how to work.

"The average person who comes to beg never earned money and, therefore, I don't think they know how to spend money.

CHAPTER XII

People Before Profits

I have come to know that the dominant thought of Mr. Ford's heart is people and not profits.

True enough he is still the same great business executive; true enough he is the same efficient organizer; true enough, he still has his vision of a great industry. He has not let down; but he no longer cares anything about making money. That time is past.

I am compelled to say that the two dominant thoughts of his whole life are to lower the price of his car so that the consumer may profit, and to raise wages so that his workmen may profit by his efficient organization.

I have talked with Mr. Ford many times. I have interviewed him on a dozen subjects and sooner or later we always get back to his desire to lower the price of the Ford and to raise wages.

His very organization is permeated with this ideal. Isolated instances of injustice and individual cases of treatment that do not seem to fit in with Mr. Ford's ideals may be located but with difficulty.

A prominent engineer, a personal friend of mine, was standing in front of the Ford plant a few weeks ago in a driving rain. It was closing time and thousands of workmen were coming out. Suddenly,

there came a man crying as he lurched through the crowd. This man was of foreign appearance, typical of thousands of the Ford employees.

My friend, a college trained man with a human heart, was interested in knowing why the man was crying as he emerged from the Ford plant. He suspected that some injustice had been done. He slipped up to the man and said: "My friend, I am curious to know what is the matter? You seem to be in trouble. Perhaps I can help you?"

The foreigner looked at him and a smile spread over his face.

"I cry because I happy! I get sick. I go back to work. I think my job gone. They take me to Doctor. He examine me. He find sick here (pointing to his lungs). He say I have go to Arizona. I have no money. He give me money. He say Mr. Ford wish that. That Mr. Ford's plan for everybody. He pay my way. He give my wage to my wife and family. That make me cry. I so happy! That make me cry with the happiness!"

"Well, how did that little experience make you feel?" I asked my friend, the engineer, for I knew him to be a Henry Ford cynic.

"It made me swear by Henry Ford forever and a day, by Gosh! That was not propaganda. That was the real stuff. That didn't come through the advertising manager of the Ford plant. That came through a human being."

That is exactly the spirit that the careful investigator will find throughout the Ford organization.

That is the ideal that he will find from top to bottom. Perhaps it falls down in places because of the weakness of the human elements in the plan but that is the thought that dominates the ideals of the Ford development.

I told Mr. Ford about this experience. He said: "That is what I want to happen under our system. I want everybody cared for."

He said it simply, not boastingly, with a trace of anxiety in his voice. He seemed to be thinking of the possible isolated case where an equally deserving man might, through prejudice or haste, fail of this treatment.

I checked up on this Ford organization myself without knowing that I was doing it. It happened in this fashion:

One day one of the women members of my church said: "There is a young fellow in the Receiving Hospital dying. He hasn't a friend in Detroit. He had a job at the Ford plant and was fired because he got sick just before Christmas. He has a family back in New Hampshire. Will you go to see him?"

I told this good woman that I would go at once. But prayer meeting night intervened and I told my folks about this dying boy who had been fired from the Ford plant and asked if anybody knew where I could get the boy a job if he got well.

Several of my men responded that they would get him a job.

Then I went to the Receiving Hospital to visit the boy and tell him the good news that, when he

got well, I had a job for him. I met the boy. I told him the good news. Then I got a delightful surprise from this common working boy.

He said: "Why, there must be some mistake. I have my job at the Ford plant. They are saving it for me. They always do in case of sickness. They are paying for my hospital care. They have sent a man to see me. It is nice of you to think of me but the Ford foreman has already done that."

Then there came back to me the echo of Mr. Ford's own words, "People before profits."

Here were two living demonstrations of that motto coming under my own personal observation. I had heard men say that the great Ford organization was cruel and heartless and that every man was like a cog in a great machine, that there was no human touch; but I found that such criticism came generally from men who had been turned down in their quest for financial help from Mr. Ford's office or from men who had never carefully investigated the plants. They had taken for truth the common gossip of the streets.

I believe that Mr. Ford is the first great executive of any great industrial plant in America who, as a matter of business policy, puts people before profits.

CHAPTER XIII

The Ford Hospital

"The hospital idea is the expression of the finest thing in Mr. Ford's mind," said an executive to me one day.

This aroused my curiosity and I asked Mr. Ford himself one day what his pet project was.

He came back at once: "The Ford Hospital. It is Mrs. Ford's pet also."

"How did it grow?" I asked this manufacturer of automobiles.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess it just grew out of a need. They started to build a hospital by popular subscription and I subscribed some money to it. Then, before it was finished they came to me again for more. They didn't seem to be able to make it go so I took the whole thing off their hands and paid back the other subscribers and built it myself."

The hospital has nothing but private rooms and each room has a bath and all rooms are identical in size. I asked Mr. Ford why.

"Just the same old Ford idea; we don't want any distinctions made and through this system nobody can have a choice of rooms for they are all alike. That's the way we have it all through the factory."

Mr. Ford said to me: "I have noticed in dealing with doctors that there is an idea prevalent among them that the matter of sticking to their diagnosis seems more important than the fate of the patient. That is the reason why in our hospital a diagnosis goes through about twenty-five doctors before it is given out as final, and then it is subject to a sudden change when additional facts present themselves."

"How many beds have you in the hospital?" I asked Mr. Ford as we talked over his pet project.

"Six hundred, I guess. Each floor of the building is a complete unit in itself having a diet kitchen, a small sterilizing plant, an emergency operating room and everything complete. The main kitchen is downstairs but each floor has a kitchen of its own."

"Do you run the hospital like the factory?" I asked the manager.

"Yes, as far as the business end of it is concerned. We found that was the only way to make it go financially. A cost system has been installed. It has to pay for itself. We have to date about nine million dollars invested in the undertaking."

Those who have been patients in the Ford Hospital or who have visited it many times, as a preacher does, come to respect the institution for its efficiency, its humane atmosphere, its care in diagnosis, and its fairness in price. It is, as Mr. Ford explains, a hospital for the middle class.

They charge just what the service costs. There are no extras and no private nurses. If an extra nurse is needed that nurse is put on the case but no

extra charge is made for that service. The charge for room, nursing and medical attendance is only \$4.50 a day. They want to make even that cheaper.

The manager said:

"The charge for a major operation is fixed. It is \$125. We want to help people to help themselves. That is our idea of charity as you know. Sick people can't help themselves so we help them to get well."

"I have heard something about 'The Ford Idea' in hospitals, Mr. Ford, and I want to know just what that means?"

"I have noticed," he said, in answer to my question, "that rich people can buy all the hospital service they want because they have money. Poor people are cared for by charity but the middle man, who is neither rich nor poor, the professional man like yourself has a hard time and often buries the savings of a lifetime in one operation."

"You are right. I have seen that very thing happen a hundred times among my own people, who are neither rich nor poor."

"I want to help them. That is the heart of what you call 'The Ford Idea' in hospitals."

Ford efficiency is in evidence in the Ford Hospital just as it is all through the great organization. I took my daughter to the eye specialist in the Ford Hospital.

The laryngoscope is the smallest light known to science. It is a tiny electric light bulb which may be thrust down into the patient's throat. One of these bulbs was broken while I was there. The

doctor called a nurse and told her to get him a new one. The nurse was gone a long time and the doctor became impatient.

"I had to turn in the old bulb in order to get a new one," the nurse explained to me later, when I asked her about the delay.

This is a good illustration of how Mr. Ford's system keeps the cost of service down, although when I told him of this incident he said: "I don't want them to lean over backwards in their efforts at efficiency. I want controlled efficiency."

"I frequently hear that your hospital is just for Ford employees?"

"No! It is for everybody," Mr. Ford responded.

"I understand that it is what is called a 'Closed Hospital'? What does that mean?"

"Have you ever heard of the Mayo Brothers' Hospital?"

"Yes."

"Well, our hospital is 'closed' in just that same sense. We get the best doctors we can get; pay them a good salary; and then require them to devote their entire time to our staff work. We are closed to outside doctors but we coöperate with all family physicians and our records and results are always open to any doctors or surgeons."

"Can outside doctors get the results of your examinations and diagnosis?"

"Yes, or anything else that we can give them that will help."

Out on West Grand Boulevard in Detroit is that long, low, beautiful, red brick structure. As one

enters the office, there is an air of quiet and thorough activity that marks the business régime.

That is due to the fact that the business and professional staffs are entirely different. Neither interferes with the other. The professional staff has its own liberty and independence and is not hampered with business details.

There is no odor about this hospital. The floors are so equipped that there are no sounds as one walks. The walls are a beautiful gray. Lights are plentiful; furniture is luxurious; no trays are carried through the halls and no refuse is taken out of the rooms. There is an equipment in every bathroom to remove all refuse by suction, including bandages and waste.

This building has a beautiful airy court, sun gardens, airy and light operating rooms with the most expensive equipment obtainable on earth, with every late invention known to science, and flowers everywhere. It stands with its cool, red brick outline like a beautiful apartment house rather than a hospital.

The staff members are courteous and kindly. One almost feels the entire absence of professionalism. A great experimental station goes on all the time and every new idea that arises above the horizon is given a careful test—from Abraham's vibrations to Coué's auto-suggestion.

"We have a closed hospital but we are not closed to new ideas," said one of the head surgeons. "We are constantly examining new ideas that we hear about to test them out. That is one of the distinct

pieces of constructive work that we are doing here.”

The spirit of the hospital is unique. It has the Ford tone about it in many ways. There are no experts. At least, there are none who claim to be. No man has any special title. Everything is arranged to save steps of nurses and doctors just as it is in the factory. Every effort is made to save expense for the sake of those who are served.

It is an efficient and successful institution.

CHAPTER XIV

The Ford Prophecy

"I am an optimist about business," said Mr. Ford when I asked him about the immediate future of business in America. "They tell me that there are already orders in the office for 206,000 Ford cars in March and that we can only manufacture 156,600 at our top speed of production. We shall have to go from 6,000 to 10,000 a day production for the rest of the year."

"Are these all for America?" I asked, for I remembered some missionary boards that were planning to buy Ford cars in March for China and India.

"Of these 156,600 cars that we can manufacture in March, 9,000 are already ordered for Europe. That will mean a shortage of 59,000 in America for March alone," he said with a smile.

"But does the mere fact that you are going to have orders for more Fords than you can manufacture mean prosperity for everybody?"

"It certainly does mean general prosperity. No business can prosper alone."

"So you think that if you sell, others will sell also."

"I do. That is the reason I will not go into mergers and why I have always kept out of mergers. I want all auto manufacturers to have a fair show

and I think that there is room for all and more car manufacturers."

"Do you think that American business ought to expand at this time?"

"Certainly. When a man, or firm, or country, has ability or power or money to expand and doesn't use it it is a serious mistake. That is the way I feel about America at this time. We have money. We are the richest country on earth. We have raw products. We have room. We have men. We have ideas. We have people. Let us expand. Distrust of our destiny, fear of our future, should have no place in our minds."

"So you are not one of these business men who hopes that we'll get back to what is called normalcy?" I asked this great manufacturer.

"I hope to goodness we don't get back to normalcy for that would be going backwards and America will never go backwards," he replied.

"I don't think that America will ever go back to horse-cars or horse-drawn fire engines or bicycles or sundials. In other words, we will not get back to what you call normalcy, but I'll be blamed if I know what they mean by that word anyhow. Most people who use the word think of it as meaning that we ought to get back on a pre-war basis. All I know is that we're not going back to anything. We're going forward!"

"Do you believe that we ought to get mixed up in Europe's muddle?"

"No! Not in the way we are advised to. There

is a way to help but no one has asked for that way as yet."

"I don't just 'get you,' Mr. Ford."

"I mean that all the noise that we hear coming from Europe now is the cry of bankrupt political leadership which wants our money to save its soul. They want us to give the old oppressive system of Europe a new lease on life. If we should step in now, it would be helping something that ought to die. Later when that thing dies, we may be able to step in and help the people of Europe."

"So you trust the people of Europe themselves?"

"Yes. The instincts of the people are wiser than the wisdom of the Governments. By instinct the people of Europe do not care whether the old Governments are saved or not. By instinct our people here in America feel the same way. They don't know why but they get at the heart of the thing by instinct. They know that the cry they hear from Europe now is the crying of a dying capitalism and a dying type of power, wailing to America for help."

"Then you are also an optimist about conditions even in Europe when everybody that comes over from Europe paints the picture in the darkest possible colors?"

"I certainly am. Never more so. The future of Europe is brighter than ever. Let the people of Europe get rid of the bankers and the old governments and the sun will break through the clouds. The latest news from Europe means simply that the condition of the people of Europe steadily improves

while the condition of special privilege steadily declines. It is not the war, nor the debt, nor reparations, nor the indifference of America that ail Europe. Save those systems and there would be no hope for the people of Europe."

"But the papers are full of——"

"What we hear is only what the governments of Europe have to say and that doesn't count any more.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Stidger, that right here in America we have as much of Europe as Europe has of herself? Have you ever heard any European lamenting the fate of the old systems of Europe. That is a fact worth considering. Europeans who are here know the difference between the system that will die and the people who will live."

CHAPTER XV

The River Rouge Romance

Macauley is said to have made history read like romance. Moffatt, the great Scotchman, in his recent translation of the New Testament makes it read like romance. Henry Ford has made industry on the River Rouge read like romance.

It started back in 1915 when Mr. Ford and a small group of his executives stood about a mile away from the River Rouge, within the shadow of a little country church. Mr. Ford was chewing at a straw that he had picked up from the field in which they stood. As he chewed, he pointed off to his right and said: "We'll bring the waterway there and the blast furnace over to the left and the ore piles will be back there and the tractor plant off there——"

That started it all—this romance of industry on the River Rouge.

To-day the vision is fulfilled; the bare fields are trampled every day by the feet of thirty-five thousand men upon whom depends the livelihood of five times that many human beings. To-day, where ten years ago were bare fields are a great blast furnace, a paper mill, a great foundry, a glass factory, a planing mill, a tractor plant, a body factory, great power plants, a hive of industry; the most tremendous

piece of construction work within such a small area known on the face of the earth.

Mr. W. H. Smith, one of the Ford executives, took me up into a high place to look upon this miracle of a manufacturer's imagination.

And, indeed, he called it a miracle himself, did Mr. Smith; this man of wheels and commerce and engineering knowledge and imagination.

He took me in the elevator to the top of the blast furnace. We stood on the bridge of that furnace. The winter wind was roaring about us and the snow flying in fierce blasts, but not loud enough to drown the roar of machinery as the great "skip" came up the incline loaded with just the proper mixture of limestone and iron ore to dump into that yawning, waiting mouth of the "blast." We saw and heard it dumped; caught the whiff of deadly gases, saw the flare of flame, heard the hiss and roar and the creak of machinery as the great "skip" slid back down its incline to be loaded once again at the bottom by automatic machinery.

"Right over there we stood, back in 1915, when Mr. Ford visualized this great plant," said Mr. Smith.

"Now let's get the straight of this. Did Mr. Ford really do all of the visualizing or are you just giving him credit for it because of the generosity of your heart?" I asked.

"Mr. Ford is the pace-setter. He is the seer. He sees it all before we see it. We carry out his ideas. For instance, it was he who said, 'We'll

bring the old River Rouge over here and put it to work.' And there it is right at our feet."

I looked down and, sure enough, there was the water-way that Mr. Ford's engineers, at his suggestion, had brought right up to the landing docks of the great Rouge Plant. Every one of the Eagle ships used during the war were manufactured in the plants down upon which we were looking from that blast furnace bridge and then slipped into the water within a few hundred feet of where they were built and sent on their way direct from the Rouge Plant to their stations on the high seas.

Great ships and barges of raw products come in through that water-way which is twenty feet deep, come in laden with raw products, limestone, coal and iron ore, from the Ford mines, and then go out loaded with the finished products.

"That is not industry—that is romance!" I exclaimed, as the wind whined about us, blowing snow and gas in our faces, biting like acid.

"Yes, it is romance but it is more than that—it is a miracle," said Smith.

"What do you mean—miracle?" I asked him, thinking that he was trying to catch me with some of his wit.

"Look back there!" he directed and pointed down from the blast furnace bridge to great piles of what looked like earth. I looked.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Over in that far pile is lumber from the Ford Michigan forests; that second pile is rock which we

use in the 'blast'; that third pile is iron ore from the Ford mines and that pile right at our feet, off to the left, is a mountain of coal."

"Mountain of coal is right; how much is there actually in that pile?"

"Five hundred thousand tons now; we will pile a million tons before the year is over, all of it coming from our own mines."

"A million tons this year. How will you get the stuff transported? I read everywhere of a shortage of cars."

"We have just bought a thousand coal cars for the River Rouge plant and we are now transporting our own coal, from our own mines in our own cars."

"And is that the miracle, brother? Let's get to the miracle. I'm cold."

"The miracle is that the rock yonder and the coal and ore and lumber are all mixed together into one commodity that provides bread and butter for 35,000 families represented here, and for hundreds of thousands of families in the other shops where these materials are used," said Mr. Smith.

"Do you see that moving line of vehicles down there?" he asked.

"Yes, what are they?"

"They are tractors. Three days ago they were all down there in those four piles of raw material. We take that dirty iron ore into this blast furnace beneath our feet and turn it into molten and running but controlled iron liquid. Then we shoot it, still red hot, over to that foundry you see there and

thence into tractors; all in three days. From ore to tractors in three days."

"I tell you that isn't industry, that's romance!" was all I could say.

There they were, four great piles of raw products below us in the dim light of a snowy winter's day; iron ore, coal, limestone and wood. They looked like a miniature mountain range in themselves, these great piles, gaunt and grimy and raw—dirty and elemental; elemental as the crater of a volcano into the mouth of which I have looked down in Java.

"Look at the human beings—they are what fascinate me most of all about this place," I said, as we looked down from that high height upon it all as though we were hovering over the great plant in an airplane.

"Yes, those human beings are the climax of the miracle—that other miracle which you as a minister ought to know about," said Mr. Smith.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Those mountains of raw materials have not only been transformed into tractors but into food for human beings, only these particular 'loaves and fishes' will feed a hundred thousand people to-day, and in the plant up to date we have turned out 600,000 tractors."

Down the incline we went from the high heights of the blast furnace into the furnace room itself; and from there to the great furnaces of the power plants and from thence to the foundries where great molten kettles of white-hot iron were swinging on

great run-ways propelled by huge black men from the sunny south; men, who in the blare and glare of splashing, simmering, smoldering iron, open furnaces with streams of molten, running iron, look like figures from some grim, Rembrandt picture.

From the top of that bridge down the elevator into the furnace room of the blast furnace, through the power plants, into the foundry reminded me of a journey that Dante once took with a certain guide who showed him exactly the same kind of things that Mr. Smith showed to me from that high height and throughout the works on that winter's day.

I looked at a sign on the furnace down in the furnace room which read:

"HENRY FORD—1917-1920

BEGAN OPERATION MONDAY, MAY 17TH, 1920

11:58 A.M."

The fires were started by Henry Ford, Jr., Edsel's son after whom the furnace was named. They have never died out.

Then we went to the power plant. There is none such in the world. They burn gas which they manufacture from their own coal, a by-product of coke making; they burn coal tar; they burn pulverized coal so fine that ninety-five per cent of it can go through a quarter-inch screen.

Power! Power! Power! That is the source of the romance of the River Rouge plant, so it was well to see whence it came.

There they were, great boilers, others in process

of construction before our eyes, boilers into which compressed air was sucking and feeding what was once considered by the coal mines to be a useless product—what is called “Breeze,” a fine coal with lumps as small as the marbles in a boy’s pocket—“Breeze” sucked through great containers into these furnaces; boilers into which was being shot coal tar as one of the fuels; boilers into which was being poured a rich gas, all by-products of the great coke furnaces which, just a few moments before, we had seen disgorge their firey burden into a box car; boilers into which they were shooting by compressed air the sawdust from their mills; boilers into which we looked through blue glasses and saw typhoons of flame leaping white against the brick walls, Niagaras of tumbling, turbulent, tumultuous, white waters of flame and fire, awe-inspiring, soul-subduing romance! Romance! Romance of Power!

“How much pulverized coal do these monsters eat a day?” I asked my guide.

“Three hundred and fifty tons of coal in addition to the gas and sawdust and coal tar that we feed them,” I was told.

“How do you handle the cinders?” I asked, thinking of the ten tons I had to take out of my own furnace at home.

“There is no refuse left. The combustion is almost perfect.”

I thought he was romancing, so they dumped the cinder box for me and there was not as much of cinders and refuse left from 350 tons of coal as I get out of my home furnace in one shaking.

"Where do you make this gas, and coal tar and such?"

"Over there," said my guide, pointing to the coke furnaces.

"I knew he was deceiving me then, for I had been raised in a coke country and I had been used to seeing coke-ovens all my life, belching great volumes of black smoke, smudging the houses and hills and humans beyond cleansing.

"Those are not coke-ovens; there is no smoke," I accused him.

"We turn the smoke into useful products," I was told.

I had known something of the romance of the by-products of coal but here it was being demonstrated.

The coal is first mined at the Ford mines in Kentucky. It is hauled in Ford railroad cars over the Ford railroad. A Ford crane picks up a Ford railroad car as if it were a plaything and dumps an entire carload of coal into the bins; from there it is automatically separated and thence to the coke-ovens and crushers, depending upon what it is to be used for. It goes out one way on automatic conveyors, to the crusher to be crushed into "Breeze" and out another way to be turned into coke.

The coke-ovens, instead of being the old-fashioned kind, like I used to see in Pittsburgh and Latrobe and West Virginia, are tall ovens about fifteen feet high, into which the coal is thrust with

a great "pusher" just like a baby food-pusher, only larger.

When the coke is "done" this pusher pushed it out into a railroad car. We saw it done. It is an adventure to see it.

When a ton of coal comes out after it has been pushed into that oven it has delivered, in by-products, to Mr. Ford, instead of going up in smoke and other waste:

7-8/10 gallons of Tar—value 7 cents per gallon—worth..	.55
2-3/10 gallons of Light Oil—value 35 cents per gallon..	.81
5,800 cubic feet of Gas—value 30 cents per 1000 cubic feet	1.74
3/4 tons of Coke—value \$8 per ton—worth.....	6.00
23 pounds of Ammonium Sulphate (fertilizer)—value 3 cents pound	.69

Total value of this ton of coal in transformation..... \$9.79

That is another one of the romances of the River Rouge. Here is a ton of coal that Mr. Ford brings from his own mines, over his own road, in his own coal cars, which cost him at the mine \$2.42 per ton, and transportation \$2.58, a total cost of \$5.00, yielding him \$9.79 in by-products.

"That's efficiency and industry and good business," said my guide.

"And romance," I added.

Then Mr. Smith showed me a steam turbine that they are manufacturing at the River Rouge that will generate as much power as the entire power plant at Highland Park.

Then I climbed back to the bridge on the blast furnace. I had been through the plant from the

river to the raw-products piles; from the dream to the delivery room; from the miracle to the motors and men; from the bare fields that stood there ten years ago to the glaring blast furnaces that stand there now.

I stood on that high height alone. There were the ore piles which were poured into that great machine, four great mountain peaks of iron ore, coal, limestone and wood. At the other end of the factory I could see two products pouring out of the gates and doors—tractors and well-fed, happy workingmen.

I was there on that height when the whistle to change shifts blew in my ears.

Out they tumbled, black and white, European and Oriental, men from every corner of the earth, brawny sons of Ireland, ingenious Poles, Russians with fierce mustaches, smooth-faced Englishmen and multitudes of native Americans.

Therein lies the great miracle and the great romance! The ore piles are transformed into human bodies and human food and human happiness. That is the real romance of the River Rouge!

CHAPTER XVI

The Ford Car and Its Evolution

Mr. Luther Burbank once told me that the first pet he could remember was a cactus plant that an aunt had given him as a child.

"I played with that cactus plant like some boys play with a ball or a red wagon. I watered it and kept it alive and watched it like a mother watches her child."

It was a revelation to me, when I knew that Mr. Burbank's fame the world over came in later years because he made the wild cactus of the Arizona prairies edible for animals; because he drained it of its poison and denuded it of its spines and regenerated it.

I was also surprised to read that John Muir, the great naturalist, when a boy, was taken across the American continent by his Scotch father who each evening used to take this boy to a hillside to watch the sunsets and tell him that God was back of the sunsets and explain that the beautiful skies were the "Garments of God." It was a beautifully natural thing, then, that this boy should grow up to be one of America's greatest naturalists.

One writer has said that he observed that in Doremay, France, every little girl has a Jeanne D'Arc look in her eyes; that even living and growing

up in the sacred atmosphere and tradition of that little French village leaves its imprint on character.

So I wanted to know just what influences had come into Mr. Ford's life that later developed into the Ford car. Surely something. I asked him what his first memories were of his latent ambition as an inventor and manufacturer.

"I first wanted to make a cheap, fifty-cent watch. I worked on that for a long time. I couldn't get that idea out of my mind. I still think that I could have made that watch.

"I've always had a strong hankering for watches ever since I tried to make a cheap one and didn't get to carry the idea out," said Mr. Ford with a smile.

"Since you didn't get to carry out the idea, what did you turn to next by way of invention?" I inquired, not wishing his mind to get off the track that I had laid down for it.

"Oh, I guess the next thing that attracted my attention was a tractor. Yes, that was it. I was a farmer boy and I knew what farm work meant in all of its drudgery. I was that 'hoe man' that your friend Edwin Markham talked about in his poem. I guess I've hoed ten thousand miles in my day. But, hoeing isn't so bad. I've done a lot of thinking as I hoed. But the drudgery of farm work got on my nerves and I made up my mind that I would relieve men of some of that drudgery so that they could have time to play and think and live."

"Did you think it out that way?"

"No. Not just in those words but that idea was in the back of my mind all the time. Maybe I was lazy and just wanted to get out of work. But, anyway, that tractor idea kept itself alive in my mind. That was what I really started out to make in the first place."

"But you didn't work the tractor out first, did you?"

"No, the automobile had to come first to teach the farmer the use of motor power. He learned power machinery while he was having fun with his motor car. The farmer wouldn't have taken up with a new idea otherwise. Everything comes in its own order. The farmer wouldn't take up with such a new idea. I soon saw that. A farmer is a stubborn rascal. He doesn't take up with a new idea very fast."

"One day I was walking to Detroit when I came across a man driving a road engine. I was fascinated with the thing. I begged the man who was running it to let me get up in the seat and drive it. I couldn't get it out of my mind."

"Was that your first idea of the possibility of an automobile that would run along the road?"

"Yes, probably it was. Of course, I had heard of attempts to build horseless carriages in England. In fact, I understand they had already built them there but because they frightened the horses they passed a law making it a penal offense to drive one on the public highways. They almost did that with my first machine in Detroit because a pair of horses got frightened at my machine and ran off."

"How did you finally get the idea over to the people?"

"I heard of a fellow named Barney Oldfield who was a trick bicycle rider and who wasn't afraid to ride anything that had wheels. He lived in Salt Lake and I sent for him. I knew that we would have to make the automobile popular before people would take it seriously, so we got Oldfield and he rode the old '999' and won the race. It was an old rattletrap but it could go like the very wind."

"Was the first car built like the present Ford?" I asked.

"No, it was a six-cylinder. I owned one of them until a year or so ago and then I had one of the boys sell it for me. It is still running."

"The first real four-cylinder Ford has had a great run," I said. "Some of them I suppose are still on the market?" I asked this as sort of an original Ford joke. I got a queer comeback from the manufacturer.

"We are still turning out about fifteen per cent. of the old, original car with brass front, with equipment for oil lamps, no self-starter; just as she was. At least twenty per cent of our sales are for these cars. They are still popular in some parts of the world."

"The old car is simple in manufacture," I suggested.

"There are about five thousand parts to it," said Mr. Ford. "That is, counting nuts, bolts, etc."

"So that is the story of the growth of the Ford idea?"

"Yes, my idea was that we could build one model and not put out a lot of models; that we could make a car cheap enough for the average man to have and sell them in quantity. That was the Ford idea and it seems to have come out all right."

"You change the price now and then, I notice, Mr. Ford."

He smiled at me and said: "Yes, and I shall continue to do so whenever conditions justify it. They are going at lower than pre-war prices now. We'll make it cheaper as often as that is possible by increased production. I like to see the price go down so that everybody can afford one of them."

"That is another phase of the Ford idea, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"The idea of decreasing the price of the car instead of adding to the profits as most manufacturers do?"

"Yes, that is a part of our idea: we want to give the buyer the advantage of the profit as well as the wage earner."

CHAPTER XVII

Henry Ford's Eccentricities

"If people don't get the truth about a thing, the things they think themselves will be worse than the conditions that actually exist," said Mr. Ford one day, when I was talking with him.

"Then you don't mind if I tell the people some of the fads that you have? You know they are interested in everything that you do."

He replied: "It all depends upon what you say."

"That's fair enough, Mr. Ford."

"Why do you want to tell them?" asked the manufacturer.

"I guess it's for the same reason that the old Biblical writers told the good and bad about the Bible characters. I want a true picture of you to give to the people and I don't think that a picture is a true picture unless it does include the eccentricities."

"Then the best place to find out about my peculiarities is from those who have to work with me," he said.

Mr. Ford was right. I went to those with whom he has worked for years to get this picture of the great manufacturer.

One isn't with Mr. Ford long before he discovers

that he is a faddist on food and eating, fresh air and exercise.

One day when he took me through his curio room, a great half-acre warehouse of a building, unwarmed and bitterly cold, he wore no overcoat and no hat. This is one of his habits—in some men it would be an eccentricity. He seldom wears a hat, no matter how cold it is, when he goes from his Dearborn office across the street to the little cottage in which the executives lunch each day. The walk is more than a hundred yards. The rest of us who had the privilege of lunching with him wore big overcoats, overshoes and hats in the extremely cold weather but this lean, alert, quick-footed man slips along like a young boy, impervious to the cold, with neither hat, overcoat nor overshoes.

"Don't you ever have a cold?" I asked him.

"Never!" said the richest man on earth, "I don't clog my engine up with waste matter. That's where half of the sickness comes from. 'I'm never sick because I take lots of exercise, eat lightly and get all the fresh air I need.'"

I envy him his resisting powers to colds and fevers that most other human beings are usually pestered with the year around. He is always on the job; never lays off for sickness; is always bubbling over with vitality and enthusiasm. In fact, I have never talked with a man who literally exudes health and vitality as he does. Thin, wiry, alert, he walks with a quick step, head up, eyes sparkling, face radiant with good-will; personality pouring out optimism, the optimism of good health.

Some have written of his eccentricities as if he were a poet Shelley setting fire to haystacks or barns, just to "have a little hell of my own," but I have never seen this kind of eccentricity about him, nor have I ever found any of those who work close to him who have. I have never heard him raise his voice above a conversational tone and, in general, he gives one the impression of a quiet-voiced, well-poised, calm spirit which could meet any kind of emergency with all of the faculties in complete control.

One of his doctor friends told me of an unpublished story. Mr. Ford was attending a little social event in Detroit where he met the chief executive of one of the largest industries in Detroit, the fat, over-fed kind. This executive immediately began to twit Mr. Ford about his lean and hungry appearance by saying: "Mr. Ford, you look starved to death. Are you carrying efficiency methods to such an extent that you won't eat enough to keep alive?"

Mr. Ford came back like a shot. He always does. Rumors that his mind works slowly do not come from those who know him. His mind works on a hair-trigger. He said: "My dear friend, I have a hospital in Detroit. I have never been in that hospital for a sick spell myself but I frequently go out there and see the surgeons cut up fat fellows like you because they have eaten too much."

This comeback silenced the would-be humorist very quickly.

Eating carefully is a Ford fad, as is fresh air and lots of exercise.

Another Ford eccentricity is that he does not allow smoking around his plants, offices or shops. I have been in and out of his factories, offices and shops for several months now; have had lunch with Mr. Ford and his executives a dozen times and I have never seen a man smoking from one end of the place to the other.

"Why don't you allow smoking in the plants?" I asked him.

"It's a form of waste and it is unclean. You can't keep an alert mind and smoke!" he said.

"Does this rule against smoking apply to executives as well as laborers?" I asked him.

"To everybody from top to bottom. Often a rule like that is made to apply to the laborer but the heads of the company and the office men get by without obeying it. That is discrimination of a bad sort. If we don't allow smoking in the plant among the shop workers, why should we allow it in our offices and among our executives?"

That sounded like good reasoning to me.

A strong fad with Mr. Ford and a most interesting one, perhaps due to his cleanly Dutch ancestry, is his insistence on cleanliness, neatness and order. Even his coke ovens are clean. He insists upon his boiler rooms being clean enough so that one could eat a meal on the floor and not be afraid of germs.

"Keep things clean, oil up the machinery, polish the brass, clean the windows, wash the floors, white-wash the walls, tidy the place up and it will run itself," he said to me.

Everything is spotlessly clean in a Ford plant, a

Ford office or a Ford shop. I remember one day we were having lunch at the "Round Table" in Dearborn when a capitalist from Pittsburgh was present. The waiter brought the stranger a cup of coffee. The coffee had spilled over upon the saucer. Mr. Ford saw it, called the boy and said: "Take that back and bring in a clean cup!"

The Pittsburgh man said: "Don't bother! I don't mind that."

Mr. Ford replied: "It will teach him a lesson. He ought not to bring in a dirty saucer. He knows that."

That was just a simple illustration of this "tidying up" spirit that is characteristic of the man to such an extent that it might well be called an eccentricity.

Down in the Kentucky coal mines he is making such a radical revolution in the surroundings that all Kentucky is talking about it. Whoever heard of white enamel around a coal mine? Whoever heard of a coal town being a "spotless town?" Nobody! But that is what Mr. Ford is accomplishing.

One of his eccentricities is a dislike of titles and specialists and experts. He won't have them in his plant. He says that all an expert is good for is to tell what was new ten years ago.

"What are some of your most successful hunches, Mr. Ford?"

"One was that a car could be built so cheaply that everybody would want one. I had continual opposition to this idea but I stuck to it."

"Another?"

"Another was that one model would be better than several models."

"Did you have a hard time putting this one over?"

"I did, for all of my early partners said that the thing to do was to get out new models every year so that people would want to purchase the latest model just like women get a new hat each year. My hunch was that one model built to last a life time would go better and time has proven that I was right. That was one of my real hunches."

Perhaps the most interesting eccentricity is Mr. Ford's belief in reincarnation. He does not talk much about this but he will admit the truth of his belief when you question him closely.

But to me the most stirring of all of his many eccentricities, if it can be called by that name, is his belief that no man is irreclaimably bad. Perhaps this is the natural outgrowth in human expression of his insatiable desire to reclaim waste material; of his passion to conserve and save; of his hobby in the material world of making every atom of dust count for something constructive. So he feels about humanity.

In preceding chapters I have tried to show how there are no "outcasts," with Mr. Ford. Cripples, criminals, outcasts are all given a chance. Men that ordinarily industry would not consider, Mr. Ford gives a chance.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Human-hearted Henry Ford

Recently Mr. Ford took a trip over his own railroad down into Kentucky to see his newly-purchased coal mines. When the party arrived at Cincinnati late in the evening the newspaper reporters came to the Ford car and asked for an interview with Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford, according to a close friend who was a member of the party, said: "Tell them to go away. I don't want to see any newspaper reporters to-night."

"But these are men from the leading newspapers and they want an interview to send over the wires," insisted his friend.

"I don't care who they are, I don't want to see them. Tell them to go away and let me alone."

That was the end of it. They went. The Ford train pulled out of Cincinnati on its way down into Kentucky.

The next morning a timid boy reporter came up to the Ford car. This was at a little town in West Virginia. He got the interview!

A member of the Ford party told me what happened at that interview. He said: "We were sending this frightened boy away because Mr. Ford said that he didn't want to see reporters on this trip and

because the night before he had sent them away in Cincinnati. Mr. Ford heard us talking.

"What does that boy want?" he called out.

"He wants an interview, Mr. Ford," I said.

"Send him in!" said Mr. Ford.

"Then Mr. Ford sat down with that trembling boy and gave him an hour's interview. That is just like him. He didn't want to see the old professional reporters of the big papers in Cincinnati, but he wanted to give that boy an interview just to help him out," said this executive to me.

I asked Mr. Ford himself what passed through his mind about that affair and he said: "Oh, I just remembered the hard time I had getting started myself and I always have a feeling of sympathy for the young fellow who is trying to get a start."

That human incident illustrates a part of Mr. Ford's character that the world has never had revealed to it as yet. He is a very human-hearted man and his sense of sympathy is very deep and genuine.

Mr. Ford himself told me of an instance in New York when several reporters besieged him in the lobby of the Pennsylvania hotel. They wanted an interview on Muscle Shoals. Mr. Ford did not feel in the mood for an interview at that time but the reporters were insistent.

Finally he got rid of them in this unusual way, unusual to us but quite characteristic of Mr. Ford, as those who are in close touch with him know. His mind works like lightning and he has a keen sense of humor and he loves a joke. He looked at one re-

porter and said: "I'll give you an interview if you can spell Muscle Shoals for me."

The reporter failed and went out without his interview.

To another reporter he said: "I'll give you the interview if you'll tell me where Muscle Shoals is located, exactly."

The second reporter went down and Mr. Ford chuckled and said: "If you fellows can't even spell the name of the place and don't know where it is, what is the use of talking to you about it? Good-by!"

That was the end of interviewing Mr. Ford that day.

I think that one of the most human things I have ever heard about Mr. Ford was his meeting with Talbut Hatfield of the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud family in Kentucky. I heard about this meeting from one of the Ford executives who went down into Kentucky with Mr. Ford on his recent trip.

"Mr. Ford was more interested in the people than what came out of the hills of Kentucky," said this man. "He went down to see the mines but he spent all of his time talking with the people. You know Mr. Ford now owns the country where that famous Hatfield-McCoy feud was carried on for years until about three hundred were killed; all over the killing of a pig one night in a pigpen. Mr. Ford now owns that pig pen site.

"Late one afternoon a rap came on the door of the Ford private car.

"Mr. Ford went to the door himself and opened it.

" 'I'm Hatfield!' said a loud voice.

" 'I'm Ford!' replied the manufacturer.

"Then those two sat down and talked for two hours just as if they had known each other all their lives. Hatfield stayed for dinner and they talked every minute."

When I asked Mr. Ford about his meeting with Hatfield he said: "Those fellows down there in the mountains are the real Americans. They talk American. They act like Americans. They are simple in their living habits. They work hard. They are untouched by Europe. They are our real American stock and there is precious little of it left to-day."

A story that I heard from his dentist illustrates this. This doctor has been his dentist for thirty years. Since Mr. Ford was a poor mechanic and paid his bills on the installment plan—twenty-five dollars down and fifteen a month until it was paid—just like the rest of us do.

Mr. Ford took the doctor on a yachting trip last summer. The doctor told me of one night when he and Mr. Ford sat down in the engine room with the chief engineer and stokers, chatting like a lot of men do in the smoker on a train. "It was Sunday evening and we had been out eight days," said the doctor.

"Mr. Ford sat there talking with the stokers and, if he had had on overalls, one could never have told which was the multi-millionaire. He cronied with that gang in that simple way. He was one of us.

He is right now the finest marine engineer in the world, although few people know it, and he talked marine engines to that gang with the note of authority in his utterances.

"The next day we stopped at Cape Breton and started across the cape in a motor car—it was *not* a Ford. It didn't work well and Mr. Ford sent Mrs. Ford back. We continued. It was cold and miserable and the car went only in jerks. I was nearly frozen. Finally Mr. Ford looked around and said: 'Do you fellows know why I brought you out on this trip?

" 'I brought you out in the same spirit that the old farmer had when one morning he walked through the barnyard, picked up a club, batted the old cow over the head, twisted her tail, chased her around the yard and said: 'I'm just doing this so you won't get to thinking that life's nothing but one rosy path of eating hay and cropping grass!' " I just brought you fellows out in this old car so you can have a contrast to the life we are living on the yacht, and know that there's hardship as well as pleasure along the way.' "

It reminded me of the spirit of play that was in Roosevelt when he used to take his army officers on a hard ride over the hills around Washington just to test them out and see if their muscles were in condition.

Recently I was in the Dearborn office when an emergency message came in that a soldier boy had been lost in Russia; that his friends had been searching for him for a year and had gotten no trace

of him. He was the son of an employee of the Parke-Davis company of Detroit. The mother, having lost hope of the government at Washington ever getting any action, turned to Mr. Ford. The message was given to Mr. Ford in my presence. He was all sympathy and animation at once.

"Turn our agents in Russia loose on that job. Tell them not to quit until they find that boy for his mother," was his instant order. That order was on its way in a few minutes and the entire Ford organization was at work searching for a lost American boy in Russia.

"Mr. Ford, what is the real heart of your great industry?"

"I do not understand just what you mean, Mr. Stidger."

"I mean, as the human heart is the center of all life and activity in our bodies, so your great world-wide industrial organization must have a central motive or pulse beat or heart. What is that central idea? I want to know what you think it is, so that I can pass that idea on to the world."

He waited a few minutes before replying to my question. I wondered what kind of an answer I would get. I expected a mechanical figure to be used to convey his meaning. I thought that possibly he might use the figure of the engine of a car, telling me that "power" was at the heart of his great organization—money, or some such symbolism.

That is where the average American fails to get the real Ford. His ideas are so simple and direct and Christian that we fail to understand them. He

is more radical and more progressive in his application of Christian principles to his own personal life and to industry than the most radical teacher I know of in the church world, more radical in his insistence upon a living wage, living conditions, right hours, than the famous United States Steel strike report or its authors ever dared advance.

He said quite simply: "The heart of our organization is spiritual."

"What do you mean, that the heart of your organization is spiritual, Mr. Ford? That sounds——"

"I mean that if you will go into business with the idea of service the spiritual will take care of itself. If you do your part honestly and try to serve others the unseen will make that thing which you are doing spiritual. In a few words, my idea is that the idea of service is the seen, and the spiritual results are what we might call the unseen. Do you understand?"

I did. And his words thrilled me. For here was a man saying that you can make business spiritual by putting the spirit of service into it.

"A business that honestly attempts to serve everybody, from workmen to consumer, will prosper," said Mr. Ford.

CHAPTER XIX

Mr. Ford and Water

Mr. Ford is a pioneer scout, searching for water-power.

His scouts are everywhere. While the rest of the industrial world is talking about doing away with the clumsy and inefficient power that coal produces he is actually building great power-plants all over America to take power where it is rushing by in large and small streams. To me this is the most fascinating thing about the man; his pioneering instinct.

"There are four types of power," he said to me one day.

"What are they?" I asked.

"First, the old-fashioned shoveling of coal under a boiler to make steam. That is the least efficient of all and yet it is still prevalent in the industrial world.

"The second method is what we call the gas steam plant. That is used where there is a limited supply of water available. Next to the old coal under the boiler method that is the least efficient."

"The third is steam turbine power with condensation of the steam. You have to have an unlimited supply of water for this. We may use that type of power down at River Rouge and may install it

in Kentucky when we get to putting our industry at the mouth of the mines as we plan. The Ohio river will give us an unlimited water supply for condensation."

"The fourth?" I queried.

"Water power. The cheapest, the most efficient, the least wasteful of all types of power unless some day we shall get our power direct from the sun," said Mr. Ford.

"Water power means Muscle Shoals, does it not?" I asked Mr. Ford.

"Yes, water power means Muscle Shoals," he said with a smile. "Six hundred and fifty thousand horse power can be developed there. It is the cheapest power on earth. It will revolutionize industry."

"And is the famous River Rouge, as small a stream as it is, as full of power as people think?" I asked.

The River Rouge is an intimate part of Mr. Ford's life. He has known it from boyhood. He has walked, as a barefoot boy, up and down its banks; he has fished in it; he has swum in it. It was "The Old Swimmin' Hole" to him from boyhood. There is not a turn or a twist in its contour that he does not know as intimately as a bird knows its nest.

Most of the world thinks of water power in terms of the possible Ford ownership of Muscle Shoals and his fight to obtain this power. But while he is fighting this battle he is hard at work developing water power all over America.

"By the time a lump of coal gets to the produc-

tion of steam you don't get five per cent. efficiency out of it," said Mr. Ford by way of interpolation. "We keep buying coal mines but after a while we shall put our factories at the mouth of the mines and save transportation and labor."

"To hear the press talk, Mr. Ford, one would think that the only water power in which you are interested is Muscle Shoals?"

"Why, we are right now developing water power in New York State, in Minneapolis, in Ohio, and right here on the River Rouge, with our factories right beside the power. Take that new Minneapolis and St. Paul venture."

"What about it?" I asked him eagerly, for here was romance knocking at the door, begging to be let in at once.

"We just got control of that the other day."

"What is back of that story?" I asked him.

"Many things. One day Colonel Britton came down to see us from Minneapolis. He represented the Board of Commerce. He wanted us to build a factory there.

"'Haven't you got some water power?' " I asked him. 'We'll be interested if you have.'

"He went back home. He found that there was a big water power project right there in his own city between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

"He came back in a month and reported that they had a dam built by the government with water power ready to put to use.

"'Now you've got something we want,' I told him."

"Did you get it at once?" I asked Mr. Ford.

"No. It took a year and a half to get it."

I asked Mr. Mayo, chief engineer of the Ford interests, the story of how they got the St. Paul-Minneapolis water power project and it sounds about the same as all of the fights through which the Ford organization had to go to get these sites and this power.

Mr. Mayo told me of how they had to fight the power companies and the political gangs to boot.

Said Mr. Mayo: "At first the government decided to make Minneapolis the head of navigation, and so build a great dam. Then they built another dam and started a third when somebody said 'Why not make this third dam good for power as well as to back up water for navigation?'"

"This idea prevailed and the government built the third dam for power as well as to back up water, and built it so high that it drowned out the other two dams just as has been done in several instances on the Ohio river and elsewhere; making one dam do for two or three.

"St. Paul and Minneapolis had a fifty-fifty per cent. control of the power, and this made it so little worth while for either city that the dam lay dormant for several years. Then we got into it on request of the progressive people up there. That region needs industry and it came to us."

"What happened then?" I asked, remembering how valuable Muscle Shoals had come to be over night, when Mr. Ford wanted it.

"Why, the power companies and certain political

influences decided that they would not let Mr. Ford have it, and made application to the government for it through the Water Power Commission. It was a three-cornered scrap and a merry one while it lasted.

"The truth is, the Northwest got the Ford industries just in time. A great change is taking place up there. The industrial wave is due. First the lumber wave passed. Now the grain wave is receding—St. Paul and Minneapolis are not the grain centers they once were. These two cities realized that they must utilize what they have at home. They have ore for material and water for power—these two under good management spell permanent industry. It was Mr. Ford's ability to give the Northwest a return for what it has lost or is losing which decided the fight for the water power site."

I turned to Mr. Ford, who sat by, and said: "What are you going to build on that marvelous site?"

"We are going to build an assembly plant and a parts plant to make replacement parts for the northwest."

"So your Muscle Shoals fight for water power is not your only battle for water?" I asked.

"We are interested in using water power all over America. Transportation of coal is the great handicap in power production. Three to five tons of coal are saved by every horse power of water that we develop."

"What other projects for water power are you developing?"

"Why, right here on the River Rouge we have several."

"That's news to most Detroiters," I said by way of expressing the universal ignorance of my fellow townsmen.

"Yes, most people don't see what is going on right under their own noses," he said with a smile. "They can see Muscle Shoals but they can't see the River Rouge. Within thirty miles of Detroit we have ten water power sites.

"At Flat Rock we have a dam which is, at the same time, a railroad bridge for the D. T. and I.; a power plant, and a highway for vehicles."

"Four-fold use. That is real efficiency," I added.

"Yes, and that is exactly what every dam on the Ohio river or any other river ought to be; a bridge, a dam, a power plant, and a highway."

It took my breath away but it sounded logical, especially as I had seen the Flat Rock bridge-dam-highway-power plant all in one.

"At Flat Rock we have a factory which makes lamps for our machines. We shall employ several hundred people in this plant."

"What others on the River Rouge?"

"The dam and water power plant at Northville on the Rouge gives one hundred and fifty men employment. The plan is to give them work in the factory through the winter months and let them farm in the summer. We are making nothing but motor valves there.

"It helps the little towns. Our scale of wages makes the people prosperous, their houses are being

painted, and in general it is a very good thing. Of course, its economic value is that it lifts part of the burden off the consumer.

"In addition to these dams we have a dam at Phœnix on the River Rouge where we make breaker boxes for the Model T and employ thirty-five women. One mile below Phœnix we have another dam where we use the power to make machine cutters. We use that river four times in five miles, the same water, getting power each time to run a small factory."

"What other water power projects are you developing?" I asked, fascinated with this pioneering prophet's story of to-morrow's industry.

"At Hamilton, Ohio, we have developed three thousand horse power and we are making wheels and wheel parts there from the Miami river with 275 employees working. At Green Island, New York, we are using the historic Hudson to give us power. We shall almost immediately begin to make pistons and piston rings there. We develop 8,000 horse power and shall eventually employ twelve hundred men in that plant."

"What other streams are within the possibilities of use for water power?"

"The Ohio river from beginning to end, the Allegheny and Monongahela, which meet at Pittsburgh to form the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Tennessee river——"

"Ah, there's the rub—the Tennessee is where Muscle Shoals is located?"

"Yes—a great deal has been said about that and

some valuable time—valuable to the nation—has been lost, but we are not through fighting, and, in the meantime, we are developing at least twenty-five other water power projects!”

“Just getting the staff in training for Muscle Shoals?”

“Oh, we can handle Muscle Shoals all right,” said Mr. Ford.

And so the prelude to the great symphony is being worked out. It is one of the world's greatest industrial symphonies and the music is the sound of running water over great dams, running water shooting down through cement runways and chutes, running water from tiny mountain streams, running water from roaring torrents, the music of running water that turns the wheels of commerce, and that shall be the source of power of the future, until we tap the sun itself.

“And, the prelude to Muscle Shoals is what?”

“The River Huron, the River Rouge, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Miami—”

Or, to use another figure of speech, these are the preliminary bouts before the big fight to win power from water; the Hurons, the Miamis, the Rouge rivers are the lightweights that usher in the heavy-weight battle for which the whole world is waiting, at the ringside, Muscle Shoals, and the greatest demonstration the world has seen to date of the possibilities of water power in industry.

CHAPTER XX

Mr. Ford and Coal

"I want the men in my coal mines in Kentucky to work a part of the year down in the mines but I want them to work a part of the year also on top of the earth," said Mr. Ford in opening this talk on coal.

"Isn't that a rather revolutionary idea in mining?" I said.

"Revolutionary or not, it isn't human and it isn't right for men to live like rodents, down under the earth all of their working year."

"How will you bring this humanitarian dream about?"

"By building power plants and factories at the mouth of the mines and giving the men who spend days under the earth like burrowing animals a chance to live and work like human beings up in God's fresh air. That's no more than right."

Mr. Ford had just returned from a week's trip to his Kentucky mines.

"All those fine people need is a chance to work and they are going to get it!" Mr. Ford said this with a good deal of feeling. He was evidently deeply impressed with the people of Kentucky.

"At present," said Mr. Ford, "most of the coal mines are running two days a week; coal is exorbi-

tantly high. Why is it? We all want coal. The miners want to work. We haven't got cars to haul the coal. Why not?

"There is no doubt in my mind, and I say this after some study of the matter, that there is a combination of mine union leaders, railroad speculators, and bankers (a certain class of bankers) to hold up the public on the price of coal every winter. You notice it has become an annual affair. When I first said this it was questioned. Two weeks later the public had the information of bankers financing coal strikes—with the names of the banks, the officers, the union officials and the amounts involved.

"The railroads say they can't get cars. Well, all I say is that when the railroads were saying that we went out and got a thousand new cars without any difficulty."

"What do you plan to do, Mr. Ford?"

"Our whole aim is to equip our mines, and our railroads, to give service just as we aim to do in our factories. Coal ought to be cheaper and it ought to be plentiful."

"Why is it not plentiful?"

"First, because of the waste. Four hundred million tons are wasted every year. In one ton of good bituminous coal such as we are mining in Kentucky there are nine gallons of tar, two and a half gallons of benzol, twenty-two pounds of ammonium sulphate, ten thousand cubic feet of gas and fifteen hundred pounds of smokeless fuel such as coke."

"And you mean to eliminate that waste for the sake of efficiency and the people?"

I know Mr. Ford's hatred of waste of every kind. I know his passion to eliminate waste. It is next neighbor to his passion for cleanliness.

"We are already doing it at the River Rouge plant. There we take that ton of Kentucky coal, and extract the coke in our modern ovens, as you have already seen. We get all of the by-products. A ton of coal ought not to cost in Detroit or any other American city more than five dollars."

I laughed. He thought I didn't believe him.

"I laughed because we are paying from ten to fifteen dollars a ton and getting a lot of dirt and waste even at that. The last ton of coal I got was nothing but slag and dirt and waste. It makes me believe that the stories recently run by the Hearst papers showing that the coal companies have been unloading dump piles on us for real coal are true. The last ton I got was from a dump heap and I paid ten dollars for it."

"That is all wrong and it is because the whole coal system is built for profit and not for service to the public."

Then Mr. Ford added a sentence that startled me when he said: "Coal is very often sold at the mine for \$1.25 a ton because, when transportation is free the market is glutted and they mine more coal than they can use."

"Mr. Ford, what about wages at your mines? Are you introducing Ford wages in your Kentucky mines just as you did in the Pittsburgh glass factory that you took over?"

"Yes, we introduced Ford wages at once."

"How did the miners receive this?"

"They were so appreciative that we are getting, through increased production, enough so that our coal costs us but a few pennies more to mine. It always works that way. Treat your partners right and they will treat you right."

"Mr. Ford, mining coal is a dirty business. Do you think that you will be able to tidy it up as you do in your factories?"

"We'll make our mines as clean as our factories. We are already at work painting white the tipples, and openings, barns and outbuildings. We expect to continue that process until we have the mines as clean as the factories."

Having been raised in West Virginia, having seen the dirt and waste in coal, and knowing Mr. Ford's hobby for cleanliness, I have often wondered if he intended to make the mines a "spotless town."

He does. That is evident. He is already doing it. He already has a small army of men at work cleaning up. His Dutch ancestors must smile in their graves to see their favorite son making the black business of coal digging clean.

And it is not so impossible as it seems, for at the River Rouge where they grind up thousands of tons of coal a day into fine dust for use in the furnaces, you could walk about for hours on a summer day and not soil a white flannel suit. The degree of cleanliness to which Mr. Ford has carried the handling of coal dust in millions of tons is a miracle. He will do the same thing in the Kentucky mines and he actually is planning to enamel the walls white and

have the floors of the offices and engine rooms at his Kentucky mines of white tile. He will teach the world of industry a new system in clean coal mining.

"Mr. Ford, Mr. Bruere tells us in his book, *The Coming of Coal*, that the Geographical Survey proves that for every two thousand pounds of coal six hundred pounds are lost in mining, one hundred and twenty-six are consumed at the mine in getting it out, four hundred and forty-six pounds are lost in gases going up the stack, fifty-one pounds are lost by radiation and fifty-one in the ash-pit. Then in addition to that waste and loss six hundred and fifty pounds are lost in converting heat energy into mechanical energy and out of the two thousand pounds only seventy-six pounds are actually converted into productive mechanical energy."

"Yes, he is right, for we ordinarily only get about five per cent. of the energy that is in a lump of coal by the time it reaches our power plants. That is the reason why we are going to put our power plants at the mines. That will save transportation, which is one of the large sources of waste. We take the second step of extracting the by-products, using coke and gas as fuel. That eliminates much of the waste. Coal is awkward but we are getting all that is possible to get out of it."

"The use of water power will sooner or later eliminate the use of coal, will it not?"

"Finally it will. That is why we are reaching out for the next source of power supply, the streams of the earth."

Mr. Ford will revolutionize the process of coal

mining. He will organize it on a basis of service. Indeed he is already doing that very thing. He will clean up the physical aspect of the mines and make them safe and sanitary. He is already doing that. He has already put in the Ford wage scale. That will be a leaven that will revolutionize the wage scale in the whole industry. He is planning to give miners a chance to work on top of the earth part time. He is planning to give them work every day and all the year. He claims that this is merely a matter of efficient organization. He plans to put his power plants near the mines. This is what scientists have dreamed for years. Mr. Ford's engineer, Mr. Mayo, told me that the plans are already under way. And to eliminate lack of car supply for transportation Mr. Ford has solved this problem in rather a simple and direct way. I asked him how.

"We have bought a thousand coal cars of our own. We run these over our own railroads and they are always available and cannot get lost."

I have seen these cars myself on the D. T. and I., in the River Rouge plant where I saw great lifting cranes pick up a Ford coal car and dump it into the bins as if were a child's wheelbarrow. The coal, in turn, goes from these bins into the coke ovens to be separated into its many by-products.

In my mind's eye I followed a car of Ford coal. I know this wonderful Kentucky country. I have tramped its hills from boyhood. I can see the little miserable holes in the ground revolutionized by Ford methods. I see well-lighted and well-ventilated mines with modern electrical mining methods. I see

the mouth of these mines enameled white. I see the miners brought to the surface in clean cages, safe and comfortable. I see them go into clean, white-tiled showers and change to their every-day clothes and walk through the streets of their city or village without a trace of coal dirt behind their ears or on their faces.

From boyhood, in West Virginia, I have been used to seeing coal-miners, like some inferior breed, apart from human beings, crawl out of dirty cages, covered with coal, walking through the streets, dirty and tired; more like beaten mules scourged from their labors, bent and worn, broken-backed and defeated.

I have seen them come out from the mines, like the mules, half blinded by the darkness. I remember one old fellow who had worked in the mines so long and so continuously that he walked with his body bent almost parallel to the earth because in the early days of coal mining in our state he had been compelled to remain all day long in that position. I never saw old Brother Colliver but I did not feel a sense of indignation over the injustice of a system that bent a man double in his body and made him look like a half-opened jack-knife.

I have stood many a time at the mouth of a West Virginia mine when the report of an explosion, due to careless safety-devices, came; stood with horror-stricken wives and children, silent and grief-crushed, waiting for the cage to come up—waiting in that misery of uncertainty matched only by the war-word "Missing."

I have a horror of the mines in my blood. Miners were outcasts in my day. They were a breed apart. They have been among the most exploited laborers the world has ever known, both in Europe and in America.

I poured out my heart to Mr. Ford, telling him the background of my youthful knowledge of coal mines and miners. His face was serious.

He said: "All that shall be no more! The mines shall be as safe as our factories; they shall be as clean as our engine rooms. The miner shall have his shower baths and his locker rooms and go through his village streets with as clean a suit and as much self-respect as our Highland Park workers go home.

I have followed that car of coal from the Kentucky mines, over the Ford railroad to the River Rouge plant, through the coke ovens, into the blast furnaces, through the foundries and power plants into the tractor plant until I saw it run off on its own wheels; coal transformed into an instrument capable of digging the soil and plowing.

CHAPTER XXI

Mr. Ford and the Soil

"When a man gets his fortune or his industry founded on coal, water-power, the soil and the forests he is secure!" said a New York economist to me.

That is exactly what Mr. Ford has done. And he has done it deliberately and with careful forethought.

"The soil is my hobby. I have always lived close to it. From boyhood I was a farmer. I have traveled ten thousand miles behind a plow. I hated the grueling grind of farm work. I have always felt that there ought to be some liberation from that for the farmer. The soil ought to give us our food and our happiness and it ought not to be our master."

"How much time ought it to take for a man to make his actual living from the soil, Mr. Ford?"

"Twenty-five days a year is all that it ought to take for a man to get his living from the soil. There are only that many days of work in actually planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop. But if you have to wait on two horses and three cows there are three hundred and sixty-five days' work. All the rest of the year, if he manages efficiently, ought to be free to do what he pleases. If the farmer would work with machinery two hours a day he

could get his crop from the soil and have all the rest of the time for other productive work.

"I understand that farming has always been your hobby, Mr. Ford?"

"It has. My first idea was to build a tractor to help the farmer with his toil. But, as I have told you before, I had to build the automobile first so that people would get acquainted with a horseless carriage or vehicle. Then I knew that they would accept and use the tractor. My first love was a farm implement, something that would take the burden off people and put it on steel and motor power. Now I have come back to my first love."

I know of Mr. Ford's keen interest in farm implements for he personally took me through his curio shop and showed me his collection of harvesting machines, plows, reapers, hoes, shovels, corn-cutters and a hundred farm implements. He has in this collection represented the evolution of every known farm implement and machine. He has scoured the nation for the first pioneer farm implements up to the latest type of reapers and powerful machines. His curio room covers several acres at the Dearborn plant and it is the most human and fascinating collection that I have ever seen.

One of the things that struck me as peculiar in this museum is that it is distinctly American in its exhibits and its tone. There is no touch of the old world in this great collection. It is typical of the man himself; American from the ground up, he expresses that Americanism in his very hobby.

"We have our experimental farm here. We put

in two thousand acres of wheat and have our own flour mills. We make that flour ourselves and we sell it at cost in our stores at Highland Park. We put it up in sacks and the men buy it and carry it home after work in their cars."

"Mr. Ford, do you agree with some of us that the deepest desire of a human soul is to get back to the soil in some way?"

"I do. That is instinctive. We all want to get back to the soil. We all like to camp out. That is primitive and instinctive."

"Is it true that your future plans for building factories is with the idea of giving men and women a chance to live on the soil; to have small plots of ground of their own, to plant gardens and have the time to tend to them?"

"Yes, that is the idea. It is not right that men should live cooped up in great cities. They cannot live naturally. What children and adults need is a chance to breathe God's fresh air and to stretch their legs and have a little garden in the soil. We shall learn some day that much of what we call 'social unrest' has its origin in the unnatural conditions under which men and women live in the city. The whole city point of view is twisted. Look at the newspapers."

"Don't you believe in cities?"

"No! They are unnatural and artificial. City life is artificial in every phase. Folks do not get to know each other. The movement is away from cities. Formerly only the rich could go. Now the working people go. The motor car has made subur-

ban life possible to city workers. But don't lose sight of the fact that the city taught men to live under organized sanitary and social conditions, and they are carrying that knowledge back to the country with them now."

I looked over the Ford farm and found that Mr. Ford had planted twenty-five thousand apple trees, most of which will bear in the next generation. I had just read Vachel Lindsay's "Johnny Appleseed," and I said to Mr. Ford, after telling him this story, "You are a sort of 'Johnny Appleseed,' planting trees for future generations to enjoy?"

Mr. Ford is founding his great industrial organization on the soil and on its kith and kin, the forests, waterways, coal and minerals.

The last time I visited the Dearborn experiment station they were experimenting on two distinctly new uses of the products of the soil. One was clay and one was slate.

"Will you find use for slate in the industry to any great extent?" I asked of Mr. Ford's natural research engineer, W. H. Smith.

"Yes, in all of our electrical connections we use slate. We shall also use it for our roofing and that will consume a large amount and then, if the supply in our holdings warrants it, we shall go into the slate market and sell it. That is the plan. Why not? It is there. God put it there to use. It would be wrong, according to Mr. Ford's idea of economy, to let it lie in the ground."

Things have ceased to startle me when I visit the Ford plants. Every time I go I find some new and

fascinating thing happening. Here were these ideas of using clay of the soil and the slate that comes out of the earth; so entirely new an idea in such a manufacturing business that even prying and inquisitive reporters had not yet gotten wind of it—a new use of the earth and its products.

CHAPTER XXII

Mr. Ford and the Forests

"Few people realize what a large part of the raw supplies of all industry come from the forests," said a Ford executive.

"What are a few of the products upon which you depend which come from your forest holdings?"

"All chemical products nearly. Just now we are building the largest chemical laboratories in the world up in the Iron Mountain country in Michigan."

"Well, that is news in itself; the mere fact that you are building the largest chemical laboratory in the world. I have never even seen it mentioned before?"

"No, I guess we haven't talked much about it. It just seemed the logical and natural and necessary thing to do so we decided one day to do it and a few days later the work started."

"You will soon devastate the forests, won't you?"

In that question I blundered. I had struck one of Mr. Ford's pet hobbies again. I should have known better for, from A to Z, he is a belligerent enemy of waste and a friend of conservation.

"Devastate timber lands? I would as soon think of devastating a graveyard. We are the strongest conservation force in this state. We only cut down

trees that are twelve inches and over. We clean out the underbrush and waste, the fallen limbs, old logs, débris, cart it to our chemical plant and utilize the waste; and at the same time make the forests clear so that wasteful forest fires are utterly impossible."

"How often does that mean that you will cut the forests over?"—I asked this question of Mr. Ford himself.

"We will cut the forests over every fifty years," he said, quite simply, as if he himself expected to be here and see the next cutting.

But I have learned to know Mr. Ford's mind well enough to know that he plans and works as if he were immortal. He does not take time into consideration. His own span of life never concerns him. He is, as I have shown in the chapter preceding, a "Johnny Appleseed" planting seeds of prosperity for future generations; the spirit of service dominating his soul in this respect just as it dominates his entire industrial organization.

"We will cut the forests over every fifty years," is a phrase that sums up one of the most dominant characteristics of this man of genius. This is the spirit of the story that I have heretofore written about "The Ford Foundation." He is building for service and not for self.

"What do you get out of these trees when you put them through your great chemical plant?" I asked him, for I remembered two things that startled me in a former investigation of Mr. Ford's ability to conserve and make one thing do for many things.

I remembered that he had built a dam which was, at the same time, not only a dam, but it was also a railroad bridge for the D. T. and I. at Flat Rock, a power plant and a highway for traffic. I remembered also that marvelous use of by-products at the River Rouge plant, of which I have spoken heretofore. Now I wondered how many tasks he was making the waste débris of the forests perform.

"First of all we take the good timber and make our wooden parts for the Ford car. No lumber is shipped as mere lumber. It is all planed into parts and the parts are shipped to all of our plants from our saw-mills. This saves unnecessary transportation. Second we get our great supply of charcoal here in our chemical plant. Third we get our alcohol, our tar, our acetate of lime and all of our chemicals that are by-products of wood."

"And your paper?"

"Yes, we make our own paper and packing boxes. We have been fairly successful in using hard wood for paper. But most of that is made from the waste of our offices and factories in Detroit. We have our own paper mill at the River Rouge. But after a while we shall have our own pulp mill and make our own paper for *The Dearborn Independent* and other needs."

"And most of this timber used is waste timber?"
I asked again to be sure that I heard aright.

"Yes, the fallen branches, the underbrush, the logs and waste. We use it all."

One of the things of which Mr. Ford is proudest is his new type of lumber camp. In the old days a

lumber camp was about the most unwholesome, unsanitary and unhappy place on earth. But Mr. Ford has built camps with his usual genius for cleanliness and order, that are like city clubs in their conveniences and comforts. Every camp has electric lights, fine baths, social rooms, good cooks and sanitary and comfortable surroundings.

"The old days of dirt and filth are past in camps. Men are human beings even in a logging camp, and they want conveniences and comforts even more up there in the woods than in a city. They need them more to make up for the lack of life that a city provides. I want those camps to be as comfortable as their homes in the city, and they are!"

"What led you into buying your own forests?"

"I was forced to get hold of forests for the same reason that I have been forced from time to time to develop my own raw products when I would much rather buy them. Following the war the lumber companies charged us \$140 to \$150 a thousand for some of our timber, which anybody knows was outrageous. So I just decided to protect the Ford buyers in the future, while I am living, by having our own lumber sources when I am dead."

"But what if next week you should discover that it would be possible to eliminate wood and use aluminum or some such metal as cheaply as you can use wood?" I asked him.

"We should still need the forests for our chemical products and our boxes and our paper mills. For, after all, that is the most important item in our forestry program. That chemical plant will be

one of the biggest ventures of the organization's program for the future. It is to be the best equipped chemical plant on the face of the earth and we are to man it with men who know their business."

The romance of forestry has been written in America. At first we were ruthlessly wasteful of our virgin timber. We ravished our hills and raped our valleys and left a wrecked trail of bleeding trunks behind. Then we came to the automobile age in our American industry. Overnight the automobile industry began to demand entire forests that it had taken hundreds of years to produce. This, added to the demand for wood-pulp, awakened the world and the great conservation program came into being.

Mr. Ford from the beginning of his industry saw that his business was based on four great natural products: the soil, water, coal and wood. Carefully, like a pioneer, he sent his scouts out to survey the forests just as he is now sending them out to survey the water power of America. Seeing ten years ahead of his peers he is ready when the hour strikes.

His entire industry has four cornerstones and they are eternally secure from attack. Nor any Wall Street, nor any war, nor any upheaval, panic or revolution can budge the temple he has built in the industrial world. Why? Because they are on the four strongest foundation stones that industry can build on: soil, water power, coal and timber.

No great industry in the history of the world has ever built on these solid stones. No man on earth has ever had the organizing genius or the prophetic and pioneering instinct to build thus firmly. Most of the automobile industry depends upon others for its four fundamental raw-products and its power, but Mr. Ford has gone to the source and has secured these basic resources.

It is like the S. O. S. and the Zone of Advance in war-time. If the advancing armies were cut off from their source of supplies known in army technique as the "S. O. S." that army was lost.

Mr. Ford's water power, his coal deposits, his soil and his forests are the "S. O. S." His manufacturing institutions and his sales organizations which spread all over the earth are the Z. O. A., the Zone of Advance. He has seen to it that he himself controls the S. O. S.

In that he has shown himself one of the very greatest generals of industry the world has ever known.

CHAPTER XXIII

Mr. Ford and Iron

Call the roll!

What a quintette of power is here represented. No industry on earth has ever been so well foundationed.

"Coal!" and the answer comes, "Here!"

"Water power!" and there comes back the thundering voice of this great giant from the ranks, "Here, sir!"

"Forests!" and one wonders if this basic requirement of a great industry is present for inspection, when, like the wind in the trees comes the answer, "Here! Here! Here!"

"Soil!" the Captain's voice thunders. "Is soil present? Our own hearts respond; soil—that from which comes the clay that makes aluminum, the porcelain that makes spark plugs, the acreage that makes for factory sites, the soil in which is buried the iron and slate and fuel. Is "soil" present at roll call? And the answer comes, "Here, sir! Here!"

What an array of power it is, coal, forests, water power, soil, and now we come to iron—the master of them all! What about iron? Is this great industry founded on iron too? Is it secure in that it

controls its own raw supply of iron. It is—not wholly so, but on the way to being absolutely independent of the rest of the world as far as iron is concerned.

And even then, as a precautionary measure, Mr. Ford is ready, when aluminum comes to take the place of iron in automobile construction.

“Will anything ever take the place of iron in automobile construction?” I asked Mr. Ford, in getting this interview with him on iron.

I had already interviewed him on coal, the soil, water power, and forests as the basic foundation of his great world-wide industry, but I left iron to the last.

“Yes, aluminum will take the place of iron to a large extent sometime.”

“Is there plenty of aluminum available?” I asked.

“Every clay bank has aluminum in it, and we are going to take it out.”

“When will you begin to do this on a large scale?”

“When we get Muscle Shoals,” replied Mr. Ford, and added, “Aluminum would do that thing which I have always wanted to do for the Ford car.”

“What is that?”

“Make it lighter. It is too heavy. It has thirty pounds of water in it and if I can eliminate that I can make it that much lighter. All of our transportation vehicles are too heavy. We haul around too much excessive weight. Our trains are too heavy; our trucks are too heavy and our automobiles are too heavy. We shall have to make them lighter. The

use of aluminum in a large way in making our cars will do that."

"But in the meantime iron will play its basic part in industry for a long time to come?" I queried.

"Yes, or I wouldn't be building the great blast furnaces at the River Rouge and elsewhere. We count iron as one of the most important parts of our industry."

"Is there any other source of iron deposits in addition to the iron deposits where you have to dig down into the earth?" I asked, thinking of the great sand dunes of California. I used to walk over those massive Pacific dunes and take a little magnet along with me to amuse my baby. I would run this magnet through the sand and gather it full of fine iron particles. It would get so full with one stroke through the sand dunes that there wasn't room for another black speck. Then I would drop this iron into a tin and in a few minutes I would have a tin-cup full of pure iron ore. I had always wanted to bring this to the attention of Mr. Ford for I knew of his interest in new sources of development of any basic ore.

Much to my surprise he knew all about these iron deposits in the sand dunes of California and elsewhere. He said, "Mr. Edison has looked into the deposits from sand dunes but so far it is not worth working. However, the day will come when those great deposits of iron will be worked with a mighty magnet, and we will get a large supply of pure iron from the dunes along our seas."

"Have you always owned your own iron de-

posits?" I asked, knowing of the rapid development of Mr. Ford's great industry and of how almost over night he had developed his own forests, his own coal mines, and rough supplies of every description to use in his industry.

"No! Up to a few years ago we bought all of our iron ore and steel but we got so big that we had to buy our own deposits. We found that we could never make a cheap car; and keep making it cheaper and cheaper; and have to buy our own ore and steel; so we decided one day to own our own ore."

That phrase is typical of the Ford method: "So we decided one day." That is the Ford way. But before that one day there was a lot of preliminary investigation and a lot of careful thought put into the matter. However, when all of the facts are before him Mr. Ford wastes no time in deciding. His is a "No" or a "Yes" and it comes with precision and decision. There is no wobbling or wavering. He decides as quickly as a general in a battle when the great movement comes. Some people who do not know his careful way of working, think when he uses a phrase like that, "So we decided one day," that he goes off half-cocked; but that is farthest from the actual truth. The phrase simply means that, when he has all the facts, he decides quickly and without vacillation in his soul.

So came the decision to own their own coal mines; so came the decision to make their own glass and to own their own railroad and so came the decision to own their own ore deposits.

"This nation has unlimited iron deposits. We are now only using about fifty per cent. of the ore that is actually available. This nation has no shortage of iron. It is iron that makes a nation great and strong."

"In what way do you mean?" I asked, knowing his long time antipathy to war.

"The Ruhr is an illustration of what I mean. France and Germany are fighting over the Ruhr. Why do they want it so badly and why is it so much of a bone of contention? Why doesn't France take some of the agricultural sections of Germany to secure the indemnity payments? Because iron brings quick returns, and when iron and coal are close together that means power; power that a nation covets. That is the way it is in the Ruhr. We are now using in Michigan ore that is fifty per cent. iron and in the Ruhr they are using ore that is only thirty per cent. iron and still it is so valuable that they fight over it. Why, those same iron magnates in Germany who are fighting over the Ruhr come to America and buy ore from our Michigan deposits along Lake Superior. We are the greatest nation on earth in regard to our iron deposits."

"Do you mine all of your own ore, Mr. Ford?"

"No! We still buy more than we mine. We use about 500,000 tons of ore a year and we are now only producing about 200,000 tons. We expect finally, however, to produce all of our own iron ore. That is the only safe way for a great industry like ours."

"How many mines are you developing now?"

"We are developing about four mines but we own fifteen or twenty mines in the Michigan area. At the 'Imperial' we hope soon to be taking out 300,000 tons a year. It is up on Lake Michigamme."

"Lignite ore is the best. We ship it to Marquette by boat and then to the River Rouge where we dump it into the blast furnaces."

"I understand, Mr. Ford, that you have developed a more direct process of iron treatment than they have anywhere else in the iron industry?"

"Yes, we have. We take the iron ore and shoot it into our blast furnaces at the River Rouge and from the blast furnace we pour it in a molten stream direct into the foundry and molds instead of putting it into pigs first and then melting it over again."

I learned from iron and steel men that that was one of the most startling and pioneer things that Mr. Ford had done. He told me how the idea came to him.

"I was watching them work iron in the Pittsburgh district. They first ran it into pig and then later remelted it and ran it into molds. That seemed to be a slow process. It seemed to me that that was one step too many. Why not run it directly from the blast to the furnace?"

"I turned to some of my associates and said, 'Some day we'll build a plant where we will run iron direct from the blast to the foundry.' That was my dream for the River Rouge. That was why we built that great plant."

I visited the River Rouge plant one day with one

of Mr. Ford's engineer executives. We stood on top of the great bridge of the blast furnace and watched that prophetic process going on. This was the thing that Mr. Ford said he would do and at this very minute he is doing it in a large way at the New River Rouge plant near Detroit.

One can see the great piles of ore that have come down from the Superior mines; dumped from boats that run up until they almost touch the blast furnace itself. These piles of ore are in turn dumped into the blast and as one stands on top of the blast furnace bridge he can see both the piles of ore and the tractors going out of the plant at the same minute. It takes about two days to transform a pile of iron ore into a tractor.

In the next chapter we shall consider the last of the group of basic needs of any great world-wide industry—transportation. Mr. Ford has been wise enough to found his industry, as I have indicated, on water power, soil, coal, and forests of his own ownership, and on iron and transportation. It seems that, if ever there was a great Gibraltar of industry, this is one. The securing of his own transportation makes this industry the most secure on earth, more secure than most governments.

CHAPTER XXIV

Mr. Ford and Transportation

"What is the most important thing to industry outside of control of the raw products?" I asked Mr. Ford, in an interview one day.

"Transportation, of course," he said, as if I ought to be ashamed to ask such an A. B. C. question in industry.

Mr. Ford instinctively recognized this basic need in a world-wide industry. His first step was that of acquiring the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad, a streak of rust that had been "reorganized" a score of times, but which, as I have suggested elsewhere in this book, Mr. Ford took, and almost immediately, through common-sense methods, turned into such a profitable line that he is making money on it, and has long since asked the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to lower freight rates. This short road crosses every great trans-continental trunk line in America and gives Mr. Ford an outline for his freight to all the earth.

Mr. Ford said to me one day, "Our forests are up in Michigan, our coal mines are down in Kentucky and West Virginia and our manufacturing plants are half way between, in Dearborn and Detroit. It was vital that we control the transportation vehicle

between these three points. We were asked to buy the D. T. and I. and so we did."

Whether it was luck or genius, Mr. Ford now owns a railroad all his own; and a railroad that connects his forests in Michigan, and his coal mines in Kentucky and West Virginia with his factories in Detroit. I call this strategy.

Transportation, as Mr. Ford says, is the vital thing about American industry. It was transportation that bothered the government in war times more than any other problem. Those of us who traveled over the United States to any extent during the war saw the railroad yards literally jammed like a jam of logs at every terminal and in every city railroad yard. Thousands of empty cars were locked up for months in city railroad yards because there was no way to move them.

This same problem accounts for our coal shortage in winter, and nobody seems to know how to solve it.

Mr. Ford said one day to me, "Our transportation and manufacturing system falls down in America when we carry coal hundreds of miles to the industrial centers. Why not put the manufacturing plants close to the coal?"

"Are you going to do that?"

"We are already doing it and we shall continue to do it more and more. We shall put plants down in Kentucky and West Virginia so that we do not have to transport fuel to the plant."

It is a fascinating thing to the visitor at the Highland Park Plant to look down from the top of that

great building upon the successive manufacturing floors in that great tunnel of car tracks and have the guide tell you that every car that comes into the plant goes out loaded and that no car remains in the plant more than a few hours. There is no waste in this system of transportation.

"Why is so much care taken to let no car go out empty?" you ask the guide.

"Because it is impossible in any one day to get as many cars as we need and we hang on to them when we get them. We never let a car go out empty. It is loaded on the spot where it is emptied."

Transportation is not only a government problem, but it is the problem, acute and ever present, with every great shipping industrial concern in America. Industry is practically at the mercy of transportation.

That is the reason why Mr. Ford has added one more element of safety to his industry. In addition to controlling his own coal, water power, soil, forests, and iron, he is beginning a system of transportation, so that he can be independent in his industry, regardless of war, strikes, or inefficiency in privately owned railroads.

Since no great industry is safe until it is assured of having adequate transportation Mr. Ford is seeing to it that his sources of supply and his manufacturing plants are connected by a transportation system that he himself controls. It is impossible to estimate the power that this adds to his organization.

It is an interesting thing to see Mr. Ford's tract-

ors loaded into Mr. Ford's own railroad cars, and sent out over Mr. Ford's own railroad. It is also interesting to see Mr. Ford's own railroad cars hauling coal from Mr. Ford's own mines in Kentucky and dumping it at the River Rouge.

A further unit of transportation that Mr. Ford has made sure is that of water-ways. He has, as I have said in the chapter on the romance of the River Rouge, brought the River Rouge up to the very backyard of this great plant. Here his own ships dump raw material, lumber, iron ore, limestone, and coal. It was from here that the Eagle boats were launched to go to the end of the earth.

Mr. Ford has, through deepening the River Rouge and bringing it to his own back door, opened the water highways of the entire earth to his products, for, from the River Rouge, out through the Great Lakes, down the St. Lawrence, the path of transportation leads everywhere and anywhere.

A further development in transportation is in sight; that of building great and powerful trucks to carry manufactured products everywhere. Mr. Ford has looked into this carefully and it will be an easy matter to put a great system of truck trains on the road if that ever becomes necessary as it did during the war.

"Our average railroad rolling stock is too heavy," says Mr. Ford. "Our engines and our Pullman cars and our freight cars are all too heavy for efficiency. If I had the manufacturing of them I would cut the weight in half. In fact we are experimenting on that very thing at Dearborn now."

Then he took me out and showed me an electric engine on which they are working at Dearborn and railroad cars on which they are experimenting.

"The tendency of the future will be away from the great heavy engines and cars to lighter vehicles," says Mr. Ford.

He is studying the transportation problem as carefully as he studies all problems. He will startle the world some of these days with some new ideas and some new types of cars and engines. The transportation problem is most vital to industry and, since Mr. Ford has the largest industry in the world of its kind, he is not asleep on the job.

Just as he has secured himself forever by obtaining great sources of raw products, coal, iron, water power, clay-beds, slate deposits, aluminum banks, and forests, so he is just as carefully building up his own system of transportation.

CHAPTER XXV

Ford's Americanism

If there is any one quality that Mr. Ford has ingrained in his very moral fiber it is a strict and loyal Americanism. It is expressed in a hundred ways.

It was recently expressed in an offer that Mr. Ford made to Mr. Oldroyd of Washington, D. C., to purchase the entire Lincoln Collection that Mr. Oldroyd has housed for years in the very dwelling where Lincoln died. Mr. Ford has been looking at that collection for many years and has visited it several times. Mr. Ford offered \$50,000 for it.

"Did you really want it?" I asked Mr. Ford one day.

"Yes. But I was more anxious to have Congress do something to protect the collection than anything else. It is one of the finest Lincoln collections in America and it is housed in that old ramshackle of a building where a fire might wipe out, in two hours, those most valuable memorials. I would buy it in a minute, but I would rather have Congress buy it and give it a suitable house and keep it where it is now."

Henry Ford's interest in this Lincoln Collection is typical of the spirit of the Ford family.

"Were you interested in that Lincoln Collection before you bought the Lincoln car, or was it that

which stirred up your interest in this collection?" I asked him.

"Many years before I ever dreamed of owning the Lincoln car," he said. "Some people were unkind enough to say I wanted the Collection as an advertisement. There are always such people—we have heard them lately asserting that I would use Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn' as a salesroom." Mr. Ford laughed indulgently. His latter reference was to his recent action in guaranteeing the perpetuity of the ancient New England hostelry at Sudbury, Massachusetts.

Recently Mr. Ford said to me, "I want you to see my Smithsonian Institute, Mr. Stidger. I'll take you through it myself."

I wondered what he meant but did not care to express my ignorance so I asked one of his associates.

"He means a five acre collection of American antiques which he has here in Dearborn. He has gathered this collection at great expense from all over America. He doesn't very often take anybody through the Curio Shop as we call it. You are particularly fortunate."

This statement is correct. I have talked with a dozen newspaper men and not a single one of them even knew of its existence and yet it represents a large expenditure and Mr. Ford is just now in the process of erecting a million dollar inclosure for this great collection of American things.

"Why do you collect these things, Mr. Ford?"

"I have been at it for ten years. I collect them so that they will not be lost to America."

He took me through this miniature Art Museum.

"We have no Egyptian mummies here, nor any relics of the Battle of Waterloo nor do we have any curios from Pompeii, for everything we have is strictly American. For instance the other night I was reading the *Philadelphia Ledger* to Mrs. Ford. It had a picture of a hurricane lamp in it. Do you know what a hurricane lamp is?"

I had to confess my absolute ignorance of hurricane lamps.

"Then I'll show you one. You'll be going to school this morning."

Before we had been in that great barn-like structure back of the Dearborn offices ten minutes I realized that I was certainly going to school to Mr. Ford; going to school in a new kind of Americanism.

The hurricane lamp was an old fashioned affair and was a glass globe with a candle down in the center of it. They used this kind of a lamp before we had oil and the globe was to keep the candle from going out.

"The oil lamp developed from the hurricane lamp," said Mr. Ford, "and then came the gas lamp, and then the automobile electric lamp. Here is the evolution of lamps in America."

Then he showed me his collection of lamps which illustrated the evolution of lamp-making in America, and side by side with it the evolution of lantern-making in America.

He was enthusiastic as he showed me about this room which was so large. I have never seen Mr.

Ford so pleased to show anything as he was that morning.

"Take these dolls. I have the entire history of dolls in America in this case."

I knew of Mr. Ford's interest in children but this group of dolls astonished me. There must have been several hundred of them. Every type of a doll that any child in America had ever used from Revolutionary days to yesterday was there and Mr. Ford handled them with evident relish.

"These sleigh-bells I had collected because I wanted to find the exact note that I used to hear from the bells on my father's horses in winter time."

Then he took me over to a corner of the room where he has every known type of a reaper, from small ones up to great reapers of modern make. He has engines of every other make.

"Here is the evolution of the threshing machine. I have one from 1841, one from 1849, one from 1851, 1880, 1885 and up to last summer.

Then he pointed to another corner and said, "There is the evolution of the American plow."

There was the American wagon, from the old Calistoga which crossed the continent to California in the days of 1849, and an old schooner, up to the modern wagon and automobile.

"We have one plow here that requires a 300 H.P. engine to drag it. It drags fourteen plows behind it. It is as long as a locomotive."

Mr. Ford has a passion for preserving his old home just as it was 60 years ago. He had them

plow the ground up to a depth of six feet in order to unearth every knife, spoon, fork, wheel and anything else that his Mother and Father used and that he remembered as a boy. The home is exactly as it was sixty years ago in every detail. John Burrough's old cradle is in one of the rooms. There is an American pewter cupboard and every room looks just as it did when his mother was alive.

"How about pipes?" I asked.

"We have the evolution of the American pipe here also; clay pipes, 'church warden pipes' and every kind that was ever used in America including the Indian pipes of peace," said this great industrial giant.

The evolution of fire-shovels, log-cabins, clocks, doll beds, mattresses, toys of the early American children, the evolution of American jugs from "The Little Brown Jug" of whiskey days, to modern cut glassware; chairs, beds, churns, organs, all were there.

When we came to the organs Mr. Ford sat down and played a few notes for me. "That takes me back to my boyhood days. They were beautiful days," he said.

He has the evolution of spectacles, of fans, shawls, balancing wheels and puzzles. When we came to the balancing wheels of an olden day he looked one over, tried it out, found that it would still work and said with a chuckle of delight, "I can work it. I know what they are." Nobody else in the group knew what these wheels were. When we came to the puzzles he said to one of the party,

"Dump it out and let's see what's in it." He was like a boy let out of school that morning among his playthings.

There was also shown the evolution of bird cages, and candle sticks, and he said to me with a reminiscent smile, "I can well remember the 'Candle Light Services' in the old church."

Then he showed me about fifty old fashioned foot-warmers and added a characteristic phrase when he said, "We need some heart-warmers in the churches now. You'll never get a church full of people until you get some heart-warmers in the pulpit."

Then he showed me the evolution of guns and added, "This is about all that guns are good for—to ornament a museum." He dislikes to shoot anything and he hates war. I knew what he meant. Then he added, "And some day our childrens' children will only see them in museums and collections like this."

He has a wonderful collection of bells: old-fashioned dinner bells, church bells, sleigh bells, and school bells.

"We have enough in our own country to let us deep into the springs of human life if we only cherish it," said Mr. Ford.

CHAPTER XXVI

Henry Ford's Common Sense

"A little common sense will solve most of our governmental problems," said Henry Ford.

"Even the Volstead problem, and the European problem, and our relations with the Orient?"

"Yes—everything. We do everything the hardest way possible and then wonder why we fail, when all we need to use is just a little common old fashioned horse-sense."

That was exactly what he did to rehabilitate the D. T. and I. when he turned it from a broken-down common carrier into a money-making institution. He put a man from his organization at the head of the thing. He was not a trained railroad man at all. He was not what is called an expert. He was just one of the men who had good common sense, and he has rehabilitated that railroad until it is paying, and it does not work on Sundays and it has asked the Interstate Commerce Commission for the privilege of lowering its freight rates.

"That is what common sense will do in an organization," said Mr. Ford.

"Your rehabilitation of the D. T. and I. has attracted a lot of attention. The world seems to look upon it as a kind of modern industrial miracle. Do you consider it such?"

"I do not! It is simply a railroad that has suddenly come to its senses. It has not done anything very wonderful. It has merely quit loafing. In other words it is on the job of being a railroad now. We have not introduced a single new plan into that railroad and we have not waved any magic wands over it nor pronounced any trick-words. We have just gone to work."

"That sounds simple enough, Mr. Ford," I said.

"We have done only the simplest and most common-sense things to get it going. We have cut out the slack, the loafing, and the senseless waste. We have made cars, and men, and locomotives do what they were created to do!"

"What is that?"

"Move!"

"Did it work?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean did these common-sense injections shoot an inspiration into the men themselves?"

Then Mr. Ford said something that we all know is a universal truth from our own experience but which needs to be restated now and then with a great personality behind it.

He said, "No man really likes to loaf. Every man is happier when he is working his full hours and when he feels that he is earning his pay. He wears out when idle just as a machine does. There is nothing harder on a battery, as any man who runs a car knows, than for it to remain idle. The battery will run down and finally be ruined by idleness. The same thing is true with tires. It is funny but

tires will depreciate in the store and on a car that is not running quicker than they will on a constantly running machine. It is the same way with an engine and the body of a car. Lay a car up for the summer and when you come back to it in the fall it will be worse off than if you had driven it all summer with care and attention. That same thing applies to a workman. He is better off if he is working. He is happier. It is the same way with a railroad engine and with a railroad system."

"You are right."

"Any man who tells you that men prefer the dog's life of loafing to the real life of going after something and getting it done, does not know men."

Mr. Ford was warmed up to his theme and it was a good one.

"It is the same way with waste. No man likes deliberate waste. Railroad men in America know the tremendous waste of the average railroad system. They see it every day and they despise the inefficiency that causes it. In our railroad every man down the line soon knew that the railroad was doing work better than ever before and that a new spirit of alertness had come into the organization, and that clumsy duplication and the necessity of loafing had been cut out. This pleased the men."

"You couldn't make the public believe that to save your life," I said. "They are certain that it is some magic touch of your industrial hand; some waving wand of your organizing genius. The general public thinks that you can do that with anything that you touch—even the Government."

"That's not true," said Mr. Ford. "The reason they feel that way is that common sense is so unusual in industry and railroading that it causes a good deal of talk. Common sense in business administration appears to be so unusual that it is 'news.' "

This common-sense theory is a hobby with Mr. Ford. I remember in one interview when I asked him if he had ever been up in an airplane and he said that he had not. I followed that up with a question as to why he had never been up in an airplane. His answer startled me with its common sense and its brevity.

He said, "Because it isn't necessary."

For a moment his answer stumped me, but the more I thought about it the more sane it appeared. It included every other reason he might have given.

I said to Mr. Ford one day, "You are the richest man that ever lived, they tell me. You own about half of the earth?"

He said in reply, "A man owns only what is given him in personality and what he earns by labor—that and nothing else. If a man has character he owns that and no one can claim a share in it and no man can steal it from him. If he owns self-respect, and the respect of his neighbors, that is his—absolutely his. If he has the gift of foresight, if he has the faculty of insight, if he has the power to plan, and manage and execute, if he has the qualities of leadership—these are all his own. They are his in a personal, private sense. He does not own money."

"That is rather a revolutionary idea that a man does not own his own money, Mr. Ford?"

"No, it is just a common-sense idea. Money is merely a trust that a man and his partners have created for the future generations of both."

"Even the millions that a great industry like yours has made?"

"Well, what about the 'millions' that the business has made? Let us see where those 'millions' are."

"That would be interesting, Mr. Ford. The public would like to know."

"Those 'millions' are in the buildings; those 'millions' are in the machinery that runs the plants; they are in the sources of supply, the forests, the mines, the water-power projects; these 'millions' are in railroads and coal-cars and tank cars; they are in manufactured goods that are already on the market."

"That's a new idea of where your millions are located," I said, and he smiled.

"A lot of people think that I carry this money around in my pocket. I do not."

I knew that he carried a little around in his pocket for one summer morning I took my daughter, Betty, out with me to Dearborn. On the way out Betty said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful, Daddy, if I met Mr. Ford?"

I said, "I am afraid that you will not meet him, Betty, for he is out of the city to-day."

But while I was sitting talking with Mr. Cameron, editor of the *Dearborn Independent*, Mr. Ford slipped into the room, quietly and unobtrusively, as usual. He went over to Betty and said, "I'll bet

this is Betty Stidger." Mr. Ford's way with children is beautiful to watch. He takes to animals and birds and children instinctively. They all trust him. They feel instinctively that they are in the presence of a friend. That is no small tribute to the man.

"You bet just right!" said this modern eleven-year-old young lady with a smile.

It was a great moment in her young life. But a greater one was to come in a minute, for Mr. Ford went into the next room for a conference with his secretary, Mr. Leibold. Then he suddenly arose from his chair, came back into the room where we were sitting, and slipped a ten dollar gold piece into Betty's hand. As he gave her this money he said, "Now, if you want to be my friend forever you must spend that money to-day for something that you want very badly. If you keep it you can't be my friend."

But Mr. Ford, in the commonly recognized idea of the term seldom has much money in his pocket.

"That analysis of the responsibility of 'millions' is nothing short of the clear-eyed, straight thinking of a genius," I said to Mr. Ford, moved by honest admiration.

"It is just common sense," he said in conclusion.

CHAPTER XXVII

Henry Ford and Industrial Democracy

With the permission of *The Outlook* of New York City I am republishing this chapter on Mr. Ford and including as an introductory word to the chapter an editorial which appeared in *The Outlook* in the issue that carried my article.

"Does Mr. Ford believe in industrial democracy?" I have been asked many times by my preacher friends who are socially visioned.

"Does Mr. Ford believe in his workers having any part in the management of his industry?" my Socialist friends ask me from time to time.

"Does Mr. Ford think for one minute that he can run for any great length of time an industrial autocracy in a political democracy?" was the question that one very much beloved college professor friend fired at me.

I am in sympathy with the stand of the Methodist Church, which believes firmly that in a political democracy an industrial autocracy cannot long survive. That is, I believe in the principle—if you will make an exception of Mr. Ford's industry.

Mr. Ford's autocracy is not an autocracy. It is an industrial democracy in spirit at least. The bigness and the impetus of the thing will carry it far. It is now sourced in six of the most foundational, basic,

fundamentals of manufacturing. In fact I believe that it is the first great world-wide industry that has based itself in coal, soil, water power, forests, iron, and transportation, as I have shown elsewhere in this volume. An institution founded so well, whether it be industrial democracy or industrial autocracy, will survive for a long time to come.

It will survive, because, as the following editorial from *The Outlook* says, Mr. Ford is a real democrat in industry, at heart, and is more and more tending that direction. Without doubt Mr. Ford will change with the changing thought of the times as he has always done. He has ever been alert to human progress and usually leads the way and pioneers the pathway toward industrial justice and human rights. It is fair to assume that when industrial democracy comes he will be the leading spirit. That is his tendency.

I quote *The Outlook* editorial in full because it adds to my own voice one additional weight of authority among those who feel that Henry Ford is one of the truly great Christian spirits of our day.

I want to say that this editorial was written as an introduction to my interview with Mr. Ford on industrial democracy:

An *Outlook* reader in Iowa who is "not a Socialist" and feels "that Mr. Ford or any one else has a right to do what he pleases with his money" asked of us Mr. Ford's views and practice concerning profit sharing. We therefore asked Mr. Stidger, who is a friend of Mr. Ford and who has already interviewed him for *The Outlook*, to get an authori-

tative reply from Mr. Ford himself. And we asked Mr. Stidger, in putting our reader's question to Mr. Ford, to get not merely Mr. Ford's idea concerning the distribution of the net profits of industry between laborers, the management, and the investors, but also his idea on the proper method of applying the principle of democracy to industry.

So far as we know, *The Outlook* was the first to use the phrase "industrial democracy." Believing in democracy as we do, not as a form of government, or a system of law-making, or a shibboleth, but as a spirit to control all human relations, we believe that democracy must be expressed, not only in politics, but also in religion, education, and industry.

So we wrote to Mr. Stidger these questions: "Politically, democracy is in force in this country; can it be put in force industrially? If so, how? Is there any best method? Or are there other methods which Mr. Ford would approve? Or should we confine democracy to government and leave industry more or less autocratic? This is something more than a mere question of high wages."

We are glad to print Mr. Stidger's interview which he secured as a result of our inquiry. Mr. Ford has talked through Mr. Stidger to our readers frankly, and we think in such a way that any one who is unprejudiced may get his point of view.

It is evident that Mr. Ford is not yet ready to sanction in his own factory any system which is obviously democratic in form. He frankly states that "the average employee in the average industry is not ready for participation in the management," and that "an industry, at this stage of our development, must be more or less of a friendly autocracy." And yet we believe that Mr. Ford is not very far from accepting the principle of industrial democracy. No man who counts his employees as partners, as Mr. Ford does, is himself in spirit an autocrat. And Mr. Ford seems to realize that his

ideas of autocracy are not altogether orthodox from the autocratic point of view, for the kind of leadership that he insists on calling autocratic is one which he recognizes as necessary even in a democracy; and he adds, what we believe is as true in industry as it is in political government, "Real democracy gives leadership its greatest opportunity."

The man who thinks of his business as his property, much as Louis XIV or Kaiser Wilhelm II thought of his throne, may find some comfort in certain phrases which Mr. Ford uses, but not much comfort in the spirit that evidently animates him as one of the most remarkable industrial leaders in this or any other time.

The interview, to which the preceding editorial was an introduction, gives in full Mr. Ford's views on this great question. Mr. Ford's views do not coincide with mine on this matter and I wish that I might write down that he is fully pledged to a trial of industrial democracy like my dear friend Arthur Nash of Cincinnati, who, in a recent book, fascinating in its story entitled "The Golden Rule in Business," tells of his great experiment in industrial democracy.

It is interesting in connection with the preceding editorial and the interview which follows to say that Mr. Nash looks to Mr. Ford as the great Christian leader in introducing Christian principles into industry.

Mr. Nash paid me a visit recently and while here said, "Mr. Ford has blazed the trail. He has made the way straight."

Mr. Markham said, "Mr. Ford is, in his industry, 'clearing a free way for the feet of God.' "

Here are two great leaders in Christian democracy who look to Mr. Ford for leadership. I wonder if he will give it to them? I think he will.

I went to Mr. Ford for the purpose of finding out. I came away with hope in my heart.

"Do your employees share in any way in the profits of your great industry?" I asked Mr. Ford.

"Yes, they share in our profits through our 'Ford Investment Plan,' which has been in operation several years," replied Mr. Ford with a good deal of animation, because this is one of his pet hobbies.

"How do you work this plan?"

"The men in our shops after they receive their pay envelopes go to our banks, which are in the shops themselves, and deposit their money. This deposit is made in exactly the same way that a bank deposit is made. When that amount has reached one hundred dollars, this employee is given an Investment Certificate. This certificate shows that he has money invested in his own industry."

"Do you think that that is a good thing?"

"The impulse to invest is right, and it is an indictment against our civilization that a man cannot invest where he works, so that he may not only have an additional income, but that his work may take on added interest. If there were more opportunities for solid industrial investment in business with which men are acquainted, there would be far less of appeal in the false bonanza schemes that are exploited."

"You are right, Mr. Ford. But what proportion

of the profits of the earnings of the Ford Company do these men share in these certificates?"

"They have got as high as 16 per cent, and they have never received less than 12 per cent a year on their certificates. They are guaranteed 6 per cent."

"I am sure that the average investor would be pleased to have such a profit."

"But nobody except a Ford employee can invest in our certificates. We started our cost stores, and before we knew it about half of our customers were outsiders who were sharing in our cost stores, getting their supplies about forty per cent below the average store prices. We don't mind letting the public in on our efforts to lower the cost of living, but nobody save an employee of the company can invest in our enterprise through these certificates. Edsel and myself and our partners run the enterprise."

"You speak of your partners? Do you mean your employees?"

"Yes, I mean our employees. No great business is ever built up without them. As soon as a man hires another to help him he takes in a partner, whether he calls him a partner or not."

"To what extent do they invest?"

"About fifty per cent of them invest."

"In case of withdrawal from the company or in case of death, what happens to this employee's investment? Does it go on just the same?"

"Only as we may continue it. We have made provision for continuing the investment in the fam-

ily's interest if that seems best. As a general thing, however, upon death or withdrawal from the company the employee's certificate becomes payable with interest to date."

"Do you consider this a valid profit-sharing plan, Mr. Ford?"

"Yes, it is a profit-sharing plan. It is not like the plans some insist upon, but it is a practical, business-like plan, and it works. The men like it and use it, and they get their interest regularly. In case they want to withdraw their money, it is always possible to do that."

"What about industrial democracy?"

"What do you mean by industrial democracy?" Mr. Ford came back.

"I mean just about what we have in our government. We are living in an age of democracy. We run our government as a democracy. Is it possible to do the same thing with industry?"

"No," said Mr. Ford, and there was no mistaking his meaning. He said it with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"The average employee in the average industry is not ready for participation in the management. He is ready for participation in the profits as I have suggested. An industry, at this stage of our development, must be more or less of a friendly autocracy."

"By which you mean what?"

"I mean that one man must make the decisions; that one man must be responsible as the executive head. Wherever you see anything being done you

may be sure there is a head. Wherever you hear noise and talk you may be sure that a committee or something is running the job. You may regulate certain shop relations by committees, but the boss who doesn't know how to do that long before committees become necessary isn't fit to be boss. No, there must be a head somewhere."

"That becomes a practical business necessity, you think?"

"Every industry that ever got anywhere at all has been a little monarchy, the leadership belonging to the leader simply because he can lead. That happens even in a democracy. Indeed, real democracy gives leadership its greatest opportunity.

"Do your employees have any say at all in running your industry?" I asked him.

"Yes, some of them have a lot of say about it. I have not found any great demand on the part of the mass of our employees to want to sit on any board of directors, even if we had a board of directors. We have our executives, and 'the boys' run the plant. I trust them."

By "the boys" Mr. Ford means that group of executives who have grown up with him in the industry. These men eat at what might be called a "King Henry's Round Table" at Dearborn every day at noon, and there they discuss the plans and practical problems that arise every day. This "Round Table" is one of the most fascinating institutions in modern industrial romance. I have had the honor of sitting at that famous table several times as Mr. Ford's guest. In addition to the execu-

tives, who gather like a lot of "boys," as Mr. Ford calls them, the great of the earth sit there. Men come from every corner of the globe to see Mr. Ford. In a single week I remembered that Sol Marcossan, the famous author, David Griffith, the great motion-picture director, Charlie Schwab, the well-known steel magnate, the Bishop of Jerusalem, four Jews from Moscow, and Edwin Markham, were his visitors. Most of these visitors sit at the famous "Round Table," and the visitors' book is a record of the names of great men of all the earth.

Mr. Ford trusts "the boys," and it wouldn't be much of a step for him to extend that trust to the "boys" of the shops, I have learned. I can say this: Mr. Ford has not finished his industrial improvement. The \$6-a-day minimum wage is not the last thing he will do to demonstrate that industry can be decent and also successful. Henry Ford works every day, has been working for years, on plans that will make his past actions in behalf of his employees seem rather commonplace. It may be said also that Edsel Ford shares his father's mind and motives in this respect.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Mr. Ford and Prohibition

“What does Mr. Ford think about prohibition?” I have been asked a hundred times by preacher friends and men and women interested in this great question—and who is not.

My plan in this book has been to try to discover what people want to know about Mr. Ford and then ask him, frankly and directly, his opinions on these great questions.

Personally, I am convinced that he does not now have and never has had any great desire to give up his present world-wide task to assume the burdensome task of being the President of the United States. But whether or not he runs for the Presidency his opinions on great world questions are important because he is a world-figure and because his is a world industry.

To-day, when most of Canada and all of America is dry, and when Japan is seriously considering the dry question, and when the Philippines are feeling the entering wedge of prohibition; and when many of the great leaders of the British Empire are standing outright for prohibition, it will be interesting to know what this industrial leader thinks about prohibition.

Many times have I heard Mr. Ford say, "Liquor never did anybody any good!"

I had always known of his own personal attitude against liquor. He neither drinks, smokes nor chews. Neither does his son, Edsel, touch liquor. It is a tradition of the family.

"I wouldn't have a laborer who drinks. He can neither drink on duty or off duty. We can't afford to risk machinery costing thousands of dollars and priceless human lives to a worker who poisons himself no matter whether he drinks in or out of working hours," said Mr. Ford to me one day.

Liquor is one of his pet grievances. He cannot tolerate it. He has helped the city of Detroit to enforce the liquor laws by assigning several men to help clean up the river resorts and proudly displays a letter which he received from the Government thanking him for this spirit of loyalty to the constitution and laws of America.

An official in Detroit, which is one of the hardest sections of America in which to enforce the liquor laws because of its proximity to Canada, said to me one day, "If every citizen would help us as much as Mr. Ford is willing to help, and if every citizen had the same loyalty to the constitution of the United States, and if every citizen of America had the same personal attitude toward booze that Mr. Ford has the problem of law-enforcement would be simple. In fact it would be nil. There would be no problem. If for no other reason than that I would vote for him for President—just to have a man in office who really, regardless of political whims and impulses,

honestly hates booze. That kind of a man would see that the law was enforced!"

This officer spoke with such conviction that I was eager to talk with Mr. Ford about that very matter and sought an interview. And then suddenly there were two other reasons why I wanted that interview.

One was Governor Smith and the other was Senator Couzens, his former partner, both of whom scandalized the pious prohibitionists and delighted the beer and wine advocates.

Here was a dramatic situation. Senator Couzens was out for a modification of the Volstead Enforcement Act. I knew that Mr. Ford respected his former partner's opinions. I did not know what he thought of Governor Smith and did not care. But I knew that others would care to know and, as their representative, I approached Mr. Ford.

He was not willing to talk of Governor Smith's veto as a political issue, nor of Senator Couzen's plea for beer and wine. But he was willing to talk, and that right vehemently, about the enforcement of the Volstead Act.

As usual his opinions were unique and his solution rather direct and original.

"What would you suggest as the best way to enforce the Volstead Act as long as it is a part of the Constitution of the United States of America, Mr. Ford?"

"Turn it over to the Army and Navy. Smith is right to that extent, that it is a federal job to enforce the law. The Army and Navy haven't enough

to do in peace times anyway. Why not give them something to do?"

"Do you think they could enforce the laws?"

"They are the only men who can. See how the war made booze unpopular. If our army and navy would handle the rum-running situation as they handled the problems of the Panama Canal, they should have the job. Give some bright West Pointer a commission to clean up a district, and he would do it. There are some mighty fine executives in our Army and Navy. I know it because I have worked with them."

"Since we're talking about booze, Mr. Ford, would you mind telling me your personal attitude toward it?"

"I'll be glad to tell you what I think of it. Booze never did anybody any good in any place at any time. That's the way I feel about it."

"That's pretty strong, Mr. Ford, but not one bit too strong a personal stand to take. What about your industry?"

"No industrial leader with any sense allows it in his shops. That was stopped long before the Volstead Act. It was stopped because it hurt business. I have noticed a great difference in our plants since the prohibition law went into effect."

"But talking about the Volstead Act—it will be enforced as soon as the people want it enforced."

"Do you think that America is likely to take a backward step in prohibition?"

"No, I don't. We can't have liquor and automobiles too. If the war had not come, the automobile

would have forced the people to protect themselves from fools who think that they can drink and drive too. There is a slang saying, you know, that gasoline and liquor do not mix."

"Do you think that Governor Smith's act will force the question into a political issue in the coming campaign for the election of a President of the United States?"

"No, not any more than it has been heretofore. Why should it become a political issue. It is already a law and a part of the constitution of the United States. It ought to be enforced, just the same as any other law and that's all there is to it!"

"Do you think that conditions in the way of law enforcement are any better now than they were at the beginning?"

"Yes. They are getting better all the time. The people will become educated after a while, and, just as in any social problem when the truth is known, the law will be enforced. You have to have public opinion back of the law to give it validity and the way to get public opinion back of prohibition is to educate the people."

CHAPTER XXIX

Mr. Ford and Mexico

As this book goes to press Mexico is officially recognized by the United States. English capital is already flooding Mexico. The eyes of the United States and the eyes of the world are focused on Mexico.

Mr. Ford had already given me an interview on the European situation. That interview appears in this book as one of its chapters. I have talked with him many times about the Oriental world.

I felt that it was timely to discover his opinions and plans about Mexico.

In an interview with President Obregon, which I had during the past summer, I asked him what he thought of Mr. Ford. I was curious to know because everybody has some opinion of this world-industrial leader. I was pleased to hear him speak so favorably of Mr. Ford and I was pleased to learn that he had such an intelligent and intimate knowledge of our American automobile manufacturer. I knew that Mr. Ford was thinking of putting a factory and large investments in Mexico when things are stabilized.

His face brightened considerably when I mentioned Mr. Ford's name.

"I am a great admirer of Mr. Ford. Great men

of creative ability have always caught my attention. To fill and interpret a necessity of life is a very hard thing to do, and Mr. Ford has done this thing. He saw, long before other men saw it, that there must be an automobile for the common man, and he filled that need. I also admire him because he is a great executive and because he has found the way to reconcile capital and labor. I understand that he has never had a strike."

I learned that Mr. Ford had, for years, been carefully investigating Mexican conditions. Mr. Leibold, his secretary, had been down in Mexico a few years ago. Mr. Ford told a friend of mine that he intended to put an automobile plant in Mexico but that he would not take a cent out of Mexico, not even interest on his money.

"Mexico is the richest land on earth. There is not a country in the world as rich in oil and coal and natural raw products," said Mr. Ford.

"It seems to me that it is time that the United States, which has, for so long, been standing with its back to its neighbor Mexico, should turn around and pay some attention to her," I said. "We have been standing with a friendly eye on Europe and the Orient for so long that we have almost forgotten our Latin-speaking neighbors both in Mexico and South America."

"Yes, that is true," said the automobile maker. "It is time we reached out our hands in friendship to our southern neighbors. You are right. But we have been doing that in the Ford organization for a long time."

"What do you mean, Mr. Ford? Have you been having diplomatic relations with our Latin brothers?"

"Yes, in a way. At least we have been carrying on friendly business relations with all of Latin America including Mexico."

"Do you have plants south of the United States?"

"Yes. We are building two plants in South America."

"Where are they?"

"One is in Buenos Aires, and the other is in São Paulo, Brazil. They are in the process of erection at this very time. We intend to build others as soon as we need them. South America is a big market for any American manufacturer who knows how to get that market."

"Are you selling cars in Mexico?"

"We certainly are. They used our cars all during their wars instead of ponies. Villa had a Ford most of the time. That's why he was so hard to capture."

Mr. Ford has a sense of humor like Lincoln and now and then a flash of his keen wit lightens up an interview like a ray of sunshine on a dark day.

"Mexico is rich in mineral resources but the English Jews have grabbed it all up. You won't publish that statement but it is true just the same. Moreover, Jewish international bankers control the national finances of Mexico."

"If it's true I think we will publish it," I said to Mr. Ford.

Then I added this question: "Do you not think that it is just as important for the United States to consider its relations with Mexico as it is to consider our relations with Europe?"

"Yes, we ought to be friendly with all nations that want to be friendly with us."

"What do you think of the idea of building up good will between the United States and the Latin speaking people to the south of us?"

"Good will is all bosh. There is only one kind of good will," said Mr. Ford, with the most vehement emphasis with which he had greeted any question I have asked him for a long time.

"Just what do you mean?"

"I mean that the only way to build up good will is to give service. When one person serves another that builds up good will. When one nation serves another nation honestly and in good faith that builds up good will between those two nations. All this editorial talk and propaganda and all the campaigns for good will in the world do not compare with one act of real service.

"The actual service that the missionaries render in foreign countries means more than all of the diplomatic posts that we have in the mission fields. The natives know that the missionaries are their friends. The Chinese and the Japanese, and the Korean father and mother know that the missionary doctor came in when their child was sick and saved that child's life. That is what I mean by service. That wins. When you serve a person you

do not need to write editorials and talk, talk, talk about good will between that person and yourself. It is the same with nations. If we honestly want to have good will between our country and Mexico and between our country and the Latin-speaking neighbors of South America let us serve them and stop talking."

"Do you think that the United States will recognize the Mexican Government soon?"

"I think that the present negotiations will result in recognition soon. I hope so. Any one who believes in free trade is for recognition of Mexico or any other country."

"Mr. Ford, there is a plan on foot this summer to send hundreds of American students down to a summer session of the University of Mexico. Do you think that is a good idea?"

"What are they going for?"

"They are going to build up good feeling between the United States and Mexico. The idea is that, if selected students from our American colleges go down to Mexico City and spend two months, July and August, in acquainting themselves with Mexican people and Mexican ways, they will be better able to understand the country. They will return to their American colleges and will forever be centers of friendly feeling between our nation and Mexico."

"That is a good idea. There is nothing better than knowing a man to like him. Most of us dislike people simply because we do not know them and when we get acquainted with them we find they are pretty good people after all. That is also true

of nations. If you will sit down with a man you will usually like him. That is the reason why I believe in arbitration before war. If nations would honestly sit down and get to knowing each other and serving each other that would do away with all war."

"So on that principle you think it would be a good thing for us to get acquainted with Mexico, nationally speaking?"

"Yes, we ought to understand each other and be neighborly since we live so close together."

Which gives me an opportunity of closing this book as it began, with the observation that one of the chief characteristics of the man whose life I chronicle in these pages is that of an international mind and will and spirit; a man for this day and age; a man with a world-vision not only of industry but of brotherhood.

THE END





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